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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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From Near and Far

Thank you for the page which you devote to me(page 533, August 1952).It has brought me many new friends and many nice letters. I feel very humble about my art. If I have any talent, I thank the Lord for it and hope and pray he will give me the health and strength to develop it. Please extend to President Belle S. Spafford my congratulations for the national recognition (being elected second vice-president of the National Council of Women) which has recently come to her.

—Lillian B. Corry
Cedar City, Utah

To be a *Relief Society Magazine* agent is a great calling and honor, because anyone who does not receive the *Magazine*, with its lessons, ideas for homemakers, and help in many fields, denies herself, her home, and her loved ones a great material and spiritual blessing which will last a lifetime, and knowledge to carry throughout eternity. So I say God bless all *Relief Society Magazine* agents and all who help to give such fine materials to such a worthwhile *Magazine*. A perfect friend to all is *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Mrs. Viola Thorn
Eugene, Oregon

Always when a new *Relief Society Magazine* comes, I open it to read the poem opposite the frontispiece photograph. Always I find the beauty and the message I need. "Valleyward" (by Dorothy J. Roberts, November 1952) is indeed beautiful—so beautiful in word and concept that I truly knew a rapture "akin to pain." The talks by President Spafford and her counselors, Mrs. Sharp and Mrs. Simonsen, seemed to be given especially to meet my need at this very time ("As for Me and My House, We Will Serve the Lord"; "Joy Here and Hereafter"; "Let Us Magnify Our Callings and Enlarge Our Souls.") I feel I know these three lovely, beautiful, and intelligent Latter-day Saint women.

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Idaho

I cannot tell you how sincerely I regret that, owing to some mistake, I was given credit for being the author of the poem "House of Happiness" in the November issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. I did not write the poem, and I have always been sorry that I do not know the author. When I was a member of the general board I quoted it on various occasions, but I tried to be sure to say that I did not know who wrote the poem, so appropriate for women. When I wrote the lines they were given proper quotation marks. I am still interested in all phases of Relief Society work and greatly enjoy the *Magazine*.

—Jennie Brimhall Knight
Provo, Utah

I have enjoyed my copies of our *Magazine* very much. During my tour of duty as a missionary, I have been transferred and moved a number of times without the loss of even one copy. Now I have been transferred again and will have less than three months before returning to my home in Utah.

—Blanche Billings
Davenport, Iowa

I can't say enough about our wonderful *Magazine* or the glorious Relief Society organization itself. Since I was married in 1945, I have been as active as possible and have found Relief Society one of the most stabilizing and helpful aids for building a happy home life and rearing my four little ones. It's too bad every young mother cannot realize the great values Relief Society has to offer.

—Laurene L. Arnett
Tacoma, Washington

I really appreciate our wonderful *Magazine*. It means so much to me to have it in our home for our entire family to enjoy. I have especially liked the theology lessons. They are helping me to really study The Book of Mormon and as a convert I need all the help I can get in studying this beautiful gospel of ours.

—Mrs. Doris Coleman
Heyburn Idaho

Bancroft Library
University of California
WITHDRAWN

New Snow

Alice Morrey Bailey

A white, unwritten page of earth's bright book
Is this new snow which greets the frost-blue dawn.
Its pillowed banks have folded on the brooks;
No skier's slanting heiroglyphs are drawn
Across the mountain slope; no printed tale
Is left of bird or rabbit foot, no scar is hewed
Where wheels have cut a black and muddy trail.
No wind has carved its testament of mood.

Old paths are lost beneath a magic weight,
And peace lies on the hooded trees. The slate
Of time is clean. The full and weary year,
With all its joy and hurt, is buried here,
But soon, within the hour, in this deep white
Dark pens will move, the scribes begin to write.

The Cover: Deep Winter in the Wasatch Mountains, Utah
Photograph by Hal Rumel
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Karl K. Krogue

MORAINE LAKE, BANFF NATIONAL PARK, CANADA

New Year's Greetings

Once again a new year dawns, and with its dawning come the hopes and dreams, the longings and aspirations which always accompany new beginnings.

At the beginning of this new year, there is perhaps no deeper-seated longing in the hearts of our Latter-day Saint mothers than that distinct and unmistakable progress shall be made toward world peace. Weary of the heartache, tired of the fears, sickened by the waste of human life and resources, they pray that the spirit of God shall penetrate the hearts of the leaders of nations, causing them to put away that which is evil and impelling them to seek after righteous purposes and the well-being of our Father's children.

Upon the United States of America, a great nation, conceived in liberty, flourishing in a land of promise, has fallen the grave responsibility of leadership. Our prayers are that the leaders of this nation shall not be found wanting in righteousness; that their prayers shall ascend daily to our Heavenly Father; that divine inspiration and guidance shall attend their councils, persuade their decisions, and mark the path they pursue.

This new year, Latter-day Saint mothers earnestly and sincerely pray that the children of men shall repent and exemplify in their lives the attributes of character attested by the Master to be in harmony with the will of God. For only as individuals are righteous, can righteousness truly prevail.

When the Prophet Joseph Smith was given the wonderful revelation on the organization of the Church, he was told that it was patterned after the organization that exists in the heavens. So we pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

To the women of the Church, God has given through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith a divine instrument, the Relief Society, through which they may work for the overthrow of evil and for the accomplishment of righteousness, for the establishment of the kingdom of God, that his will might be done in earth as it is in heaven.

This new year we pray for our beloved Relief Society. Our dreams, our hopes, our desires, our aspirations for this Society are many and varied, but they all tend toward one and only one end—the end that this Society shall not be found wanting, that it shall fulfill its mission in the establishment of righteousness upon the earth among the daughters of Zion.

The earnest prayer of the general board is that the new year may bring to the women of the Church throughout the world the true joy and abiding peace that come from advancing the work of the Prince of Peace, and that a strong, unwavering testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel, the key to eternal peace and happiness, may comfort, sustain, and bless each one throughout the coming year and always.

Affectionately,

Belle S. Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Velma N. Simonsen
General Presidency

Testimony Through Reading The Book of Mormon

Elder Matthew Cowley
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, Wednesday, October 1, 1952]

(Spoke briefly in Maori)

I had to greet my friends from Hawaii, and my brother here from New Zealand. I feel somewhat like the minister who had not had time to prepare his sermon during the week, and when he arose on Sunday before his congregation, he said: "Brothers and sisters, I have not had any time during the week because of my social obligations to prepare my sermon, so I will just have to stand up and let the Lord speak through me, but next week I will promise to do better."

That is the position I am in today, but I know I will not do better next week, if the Lord will speak through me, and, of course, that depends entirely upon you. This business of inspiration, I think, originates with the congregation, not with the speaker. The prayers of the congregation should go to God, and back from God to the speaker, then back from the speaker to the congregation, so if there is no inspiration in what I say this afternoon, it is entirely your fault. It is your responsibility.

I feel very humble in trying to pinch-hit for President Smith. I use that expression because the World Series is on now, but I know that were he here, you would receive a message which would stir you up in your desires to study the sacred record which we know as The Book of Mormon.

I believe you know him well enough to know that he would speak very strongly to you about the gospel in The Book of Mormon, about the moral standards taught in The Book of Mormon, and about the spirit of The Book of Mormon, so I trust that while I speak a few moments to you, that I may, in a very weak way, bear my testimony as he would bear it were he here.

I want to say that I have never met a more kindly, more considerate, more loving man in all my life than President Joseph Fielding Smith. He is one of the most loving characters I have ever been associated with, and I trust that God will give him strength and a long life to continue his great mission here in the earth in delivering his powerful discourses to the children of Zion.

This morning, in referring to the No-Liquor-Tobacco Committee, I was reminded that (it has not been published yet) the name of the Committee is the "Personal Standards Committee." We finally discovered that liquor and tobacco are not the only sins in the Church, that there are other sins just as grievous, just as damaging, as the use of tobacco and liquor. So under

this new name of "Personal Standards Committee" we incorporate all vices which man is addicted to or may be addicted to. After all, this life is just one eternal round of sin and death, repentance, and forgiveness.

So you mothers here, I would urge you to be vitally interested in the program which we have under the heading of the "Personal Standards Committee." You do not know what your own lives and your own influences mean in the lives of young people, and the lives of children.

I was talking the other day to one of my friends, a life-long friend, who belongs to the Alcoholics Anonymous, who was drunk for twenty-seven years, and then finally turned his life back to God. He is now active in the Church and has not had a drink for fifteen years. I asked him how he was able to overcome that habit. I asked him if it was due entirely to the program of A.A., and he said to me: "Matt, if I had not had the fortification which came to me in my childhood from a righteous mother, I never would have been able to overcome this terrible habit. The influence of that mother in my home is what has given me the courage and the strength and the fortitude to overcome this drinking habit."

WHAT a tribute to a mother! Now, you sisters, you are the mothers of men, and you may not live to see the fruits of your teaching in the lives of your children. Maybe from some of your homes there will come children who have not lived as you would like them to live. You may not see them turn their lives back to God, but the day will come, if you give them the fortification in their childhood, in those years when their souls and minds are pliable, the day will come when they will have the strength, because of you, to turn their lives and their characters back to God and be influenced by him. God bless you in this great and noble work of teaching your children and the children of others the ways of righteousness, because that which you implant in youth will crop up from time to time in later life, and it may be the very influence you are wielding, of which you do not see the immediate results, that will be an anchor to the faith of these young people.

As the chairman of that Committee, I wanted to get in that much, anyway, to you sisters. After all, you belong to the great sorority of saviorhood. You may not hold the Priesthood. Men are different, men have to have something given to them to make them saviors of men, but not mothers, not women. You are born with an inherent right, an inherent authority, to be the saviors of human souls. You are the co-creators with God of his children. Therefore, it is expected of you by a right divine that you be the saviors and the regenerating force in the lives of God's children here upon the earth.

I would like to bear my testimony to you about the book which you are studying in the Relief Society, The Book of Mormon. I know nothing about archaeology. I have not studied the maps which apparently relate to The Book of Mormon, the travels of the Lehites, the Lamanites, and so forth. I

know very little about the outside evidences of The Book of Mormon, but I have a testimony of the divinity of this book, and that testimony has come to me from within the two covers of the book itself.

To me, archaeology, and all that archaeologists discover, which may in a way prove the genuineness of the book—these discoveries are lost in the spirit of the book itself, and if you can't find a testimony within the covers of this book, there is no need to look elsewhere.

WHEN I was a missionary on these grounds many years ago, I followed a group of tourists around. I have forgotten who conducted the party, but I was just following. It might have been President Levi Edgar Young, and in that group was a Japanese from Harvard, who was a doctor of philosophy.

I recall that at the end of the tour around the block, he went to the guide, and he said, "I have been a little disappointed in this tour."

The guide said, "Why?"

He said, "You have not said anything about that book which you people have."

Well, he just had not had time to talk about The Book of Mormon, and so the guide said, "If you have time I will be glad to take you into the Bureau and present you with one of these books."

So they went in, and he took a Book of Mormon, he autographed it, and presented it to this Japanese doctor of philosophy, and then he started to tell him the story of the coming forth of The Book of Mormon, and this Japanese stopped him immediately.

"I do not want to hear anything about the outside evidences pertaining to this book. I will read the book itself, and then I will tell you where it came from. Then these other stories won't mean a thing to me. If this came from God, I will find that disclosed within the book itself. If it did not come from God, no matter what story you would tell me would have no influence upon my belief or disbelief in this record. I am a Christian. I do not know where the New Testament came from, but I have read the New Testament, and after I read it, I became a follower of Christ, because in that book is the life of One who was perfect, and I caught a spirit from the New Testament which turned me from the gods of the Japanese to the God of Christianity."

We have so much collateral reading in this Church. With all due respect to those who write books, I think there is only one place where we can really get a testimony of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, a testimony of the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and that is right back to the source material—the standard works of the Church, because within these covers, the voice rings out, "God hath spoken."

THESE are not the opinions of men. These are not the opinions of men as to where Lehi and his party landed, either in the Pacific or the Atlantic. These are not the conclusions of the students of archaeology, of the drawers of maps. This is the word of God himself. and so, studying The Book of Mormon, brothers and sisters, you

are getting back to God himself, and my, what this book contains!

Voting was referred to this morning. Brother Lee read from the Book of Mosiah, I think it was, about the voting of the people on this continent. I think that is the first record in sacred history of voting, and it occurred on this continent. We are facing an election this year. We learn from this book that man is endowed with certain rights, just as the Declaration of Independence states. We have the right to liberty, to freedom, to the pursuit of happiness. We have the right of the franchise. We are told in this book that no kings can reign upon this continent, that this must always be a continent governed under the principles of a republican form of government.

We are told that this land is choice above all other lands. All of these things are contained within this sacred book.

You know when this book was written, these United States were confined to just the fringe of this great continent. Daniel Webster had said that all of this western area was worth nothing. He said he would not vote one penny of the taxes of the people of the United States to extend the then boundaries of the United States, but here in this sacred record, it set forth that this land—the whole land—was a land choice above all other lands. We must preserve it as a land choice above all other lands.

God was working in that generation, not only with the Prophet Joseph Smith, in giving unto him the plates upon which this record was inscribed, but he was working upon the minds of men who were raised up for the purpose of bringing to these people of the United States, called forth from all nations of the earth, the greatest principles of freedom and liberty that have ever been vouchsafed to man.

The eyes of the world since that day have been upon this land, choice above all other lands. Were we to let down the bars now against immigration, people would flock here by the millions, because they know that this is a land choice above all other lands. This is where God has made of all nations one people, and I add my request to Brother Lee's that you people use your influence to get those of voting age out to vote.

YOU know, the slaves never had the franchise. Before the Civil War they were not allowed to vote. We have voluntary slavery in this country because we have millions who will not go out to vote who have the right to do so. They are slaves of their own choosing, because if we do not participate in preserving this land choice above all other lands, then to that degree we are bringing back to this land, slavery.

Now, it is all within the book, brothers and sisters. Christ came to this continent. Why not? God is the father of us all. Christ, when he left the other hemisphere, told his disciples, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring . . . and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."

He came. He established the Church here. He chose twelve disciples. He gave them the authority to teach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof. Baptism

became essential here as it had been among the Jews whom he taught. And so we have the only witness in all the world to the divinity of the Holy Bible. The evidences of archaeology are not conclusive. The discoveries of men who dig in the earth are not conclusive witnesses of the divinity of the Bible or of The Book of Mormon. But The Book of Mormon is conclusive in its testimony and witness that the Bible is the word of God, and the Bible is conclusive in its testimony that The Book of Mormon is the word of God. One as a witness for the other, and God himself said that these two records would become one in his hand. He did not say that there would only be one record, only one stick, but he said two, and that those two would become one in his hand.

So the missionaries go forth with two books in their hands to proclaim the word of God, not with one. I urge you to read The Book of Mormon. I learned the Maori language, what little I know of it, not from studying the grammars of the language, but from studying The Book of Mormon, and after reading diligently and with fasting and praying, The Book of Mormon in the Maori language for eleven weeks, I stood up for fifteen minutes and bore my testimony in that language. I caught the spirit of that book and it revealed to me in a way that I cannot explain the language of those children of Israel.

Later on I assisted in a new translation of The Book of Mormon into the Maori language, and after fasting and praying, I learned what it is to translate under the inspiration and the power of God himself.

Now we have with us here my good Israelite friend (Wi Pere Amaru). I am glad he has come to speak to us Gentiles, to bring to us a message right from the heart and blood of Israel. You know, in the 63d chapter of Alma, there is a little story which tells of Hagoth who was such an exceedingly curious man that he built a boat, and he went out on the seas, and he came back. He built other boats, and then finally the boats went forth and never returned. We are told in The Book of Mormon the place where those ships were built was near a narrow neck of land.

WHEN I was on my first mission as a young boy, I used to ask the oldtimers out there, "Where did you come from?" They would say (in Maori), "We came from the place where the sweet potato grows wild, where it is not planted, does not have to be cultivated."

There is only one place in all the world where the sweet potato grows wild, and that is within the environs of that narrow neck of land where Hagoth built his ships. They will tell you that they came from several degrees of distance (Maori). One degree of distance, a greater degree of distance, and then a far greater degree of distance.

Then they will tell you . . . (spoken in Maori). The Maori scholars tell you that . . . (spoken in Maori) means the place where the spirits are joined. But I have a little different interpretation of that. *Wairua* in the Maori language means "spirit." *Wairua* also means "two

waters," wai meaning water, rua meaning two.

In the Hawaiian language Wailua means "two waters"; in the Samoan language Vailua means "two waters." The word for spirit in those other languages isn't Wairua, the same as in the Moari language.

The Maori scholars say that they came from a far distant place, where the spirits are joined, or where the body returns to the spirit. But I say, knowing the story of Hagoth as I do, that they came from the joining place of two waters, a narrow neck of land between two bodies of water which joins those two great continents.

Now, I have said this much to give Brother Wi Pere Amaru an introduction to his own talk. I hope I have not gone too far, and I hope that you will grasp the spirit of this testimony, the testimony of these people. I have never met a Polynesian Islander yet who knew anything about archaeology. I have never met one yet who was concerned about drawing a line across the ocean on a map to show which way Lehi went and where he landed, or I have never met one yet who knows anything about any of these discoveries that man claims prove the divinity of The Book of Mormon, but I have never met a Polynesian Islander yet who ever read The Book of Mormon who did not say, "That book came from God," and it has thrilled my soul to hear non-members of the Church stand up and say, "That book came from God. That is our record."

It says right in the beginning that when Lehi and his party set forth they discovered they did not have the records of their ancestors, and he sent his sons back to get those records. Ah, that is Polynesian. No native ever stands up in any kind of a gathering to give any kind of talk, political, religious, or otherwise, but what he immediately starts talking about his ancestors, "being born of goodly parents," and how they all believe they were born of goodly parents! I have met some of them who were terrible, but they claim they were good, and I guess they were.

They are wonderful people, and the fastest repenters I have ever seen in all my life. They will repent every week of the same offense, and you have to forgive them every week because they are so sweet and humble, and so sincere.

But behold, my brothers and sisters, one of the finest living Maoris I have ever known. He grew up in a little locality near the sea where there was no Priesthood. His grandmother, as he says, was the president of the branch. His grand-aunt was superintendent of the Sunday School, and his mother was the Relief Society teacher, and they were all rearing little children. I think they were all widows, weren't they Wi Pere Amaru?

THERE they were, faithful and devoted, and there they have built up strength because of their activities in the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His mother has come to the temple, received her endowments, and been sealed to her noble husband. He has been here before, many years ago, and received two degrees at the Brigham Young University. Now he is at the Uni-

versity of Utah trying to win his Doctorate. He has come back with a wife and four beautiful children.

You know up there at the University there are one or two instructors, I think they have already said to him, I know they said to one of our other Maori boys, "Before you leave here we will destroy your testimony in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and your belief in your Church."

Do you know what they tell them? They laugh when they tell them, "You are talking to Israelites. You can teach us anything you want. We will try to pass in these courses. We will try to get passing grades. But there is something down in here which the wisdom of man can never withdraw, and that is our faith in God, his protecting care over us, as his children scattered over thousands of miles in the Pacific."

God bless you, brothers and sisters. I have taken up too much time, but I have been thinking about the Maoris, and they never think of time. They will talk all day and all night, but I will say to Wi Pere Amaru, don't talk too long. I'm tired.

God bless us all, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

* * * *

Kindness

Ida Isaacson

Who has not made glad
And helped another on his way
Has failed his noblest impulses,
His counsel to obey.

Beyond Confining Bounds

Elena Hassell Stanley

Man moves toward a distant destiny
Beyond confining bounds of time and space;
At times he falters, finds he must retrace,
Then probe his soul to find the cryptic key.
From parchment scrolls of ancient Galilee,
He garners living gems of truth and grace,
As gates of darkness fall, love will replace
The law of tooth and claw, to set him free.

Man's wisdom is a very feeble flame;
It flickers, wavers, swayed by doubt and fear.
But reinforced by faith, glows brilliantly,
The radiant symbol of a greater name.
The road ahead emerges straight and clear
Transcending space into eternity.

Elder John A. Widtsoe

(January 31, 1872 - November 29,1952)

President Joseph Fielding Smith
Of the Council of the Twelve

POET, writer, educator, scientist, teacher, executive, diplomat, friend of the oppressed and unfortunate, missionary and special witness for Jesus Christ, all these and more, was Elder John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve.

His learning did not spoil him. The man-made philosophies and theories of this modern world through which, in his school days, he had to pass, failed to destroy his faith. When the pressure of such things was upon him and doubts arose in his mind, he presented his problem to his Eternal Father and obtained the answer. In his pleadings he wrote the beautiful hymn, "Father: Lead Me Out of Darkness." He received the answer.

He believed the teachings in the Bible. He knew that "Adam fell that men might be; and men are that they might have joy." He knew that it was "by reason of transgression" that came the fall; that Jesus Christ is the Only Begotten Son of the Father in the flesh and our Elder Brother in the spirit, and that we are the "offspring of God." He knew without any doubt that Jesus is the Christ, the Redeemer of the world and the Savior of all men who will repent and accept his gospel, and this was Elder Widtsoe's message as a special witness for Christ to all the world. He was loyal to his brethren, his religion, and to God.

ELDER JOHN A. WIDTSOE

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to anounce the names of the three prize winners in the 1952 Eliza R. Snow Poem contest.

This contest was announced in the June 1952 issue of the *Magazine*, and closed September 15, 1952.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Eva Willes Wangsgaard, Ogden, Utah, for her poem "No Barren Bough."

The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, for her poem "Goodbye to Her Son."

The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Eleanor W. Schow, Brigham City, Utah, for her poem "The Greater Love."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1932, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader, who was born January 21, 1804, in Becket, Massachusetts, and died in Salt Lake City, Utah, December 5, 1887.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others, except upon written permission from the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

There were one hundred and twenty poems submitted in this year's contest, as compared with one hundred and twelve entered last year. Many of the poems submitted this year revealed beauty of thought, and nearly all of the subjects of the entries were based upon an interesting and significant theme.

Entries from nineteen states, the Dominion of Canada, and Hawaii, were represented in the contest, the largest number of entries coming from Utah.

The first prize winner this year has received awards many times in the Eliza R. Snow Poem contest; the second prize winner was awarded first prize last year; and the third prize winner this year places for the first time in the contest.

The general board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest.

The general board wishes, also, to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the general board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and biographical sketches of the prize-winning contestants, are published herewith.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest

EVA WILLES WANGSGAARD

First Prize Poem

No Barren Bough

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

If you were here I would not mind the whiteness
That threatens path and twig . . . and fading hair.
Your eyes were focused always on the brightness,
Too full of joy to notice boughs were bare.
Snow-laden limbs were only April-burdened
To you who saw in them the petaled vines,
And crystal pasture lands were summer-guerdoned
While siskins threaded scarlet through the pines.

Maturity should be a time for sharing
The blue of vine, the gold of stem and root,
For stripping branches overlate in bearing
And savoring together frosted fruit.
No barren bough I dread nor aging bone,
But withered fruits that I must pluck alone.

Second Prize Poem

Goodbye to Her Son

Sylvia Probst Young

She held the boy's brown hand; his sad young face
Was marked with pain, he was so young to know
The weight of grief. She had no will to go
And leave him there in such a lonely place.
He was her son, she understood his moods,
His thirst for knowledge that she, too, had known,
A restless longing so much like her own;
His love for quiet forest solitudes.

She spoke his name; the boy beside her bed
Heard the soft whispered words, "Be always kind
To Sarah and your father, dear, and find
Time for the Lord and love him, Abe," she said.

One tallow candle glimmered on the air,
And sent its yellow light up like a prayer.

Could she have seen how he would walk with truth
Through all his years, a leader for the right,
Guiding his nation through its darkest night,
Remembering the teachings of his youth,
And kneeling as he knelt beside her knee,
Finding the greatest strength against despair
Within the peaceful realms of secret prayer,
Gaining his greatness in humility.

Could she have seen that President, her son,
Speaking her name with heartfelt gratitude,
Giving her praise for all he knew of good,
She would have known her earth work was well done.

She held the boy's brown hand—then night was gone,
For peace came gently—gently as the dawn.

SYLVIA PROBST YOUNG

ELEANOR W. SCHOW

Third Prize Poem

The Greater Love

Eleanor W. Schow

Where men lay down their lives for men
The earth is comforted. No fen
Or sodden marsh where fever lies
Is left unblessed; God sanctifies
The soil, makes his own blossoms grow;
Dry desert winds more kindly blow.
The rock becomes an altar stone
Where man makes sacrifice alone;
All fears and lusts are swept away;
His deed has purified his clay.

The stars beneath high heaven's dome
Are candles in the halls of home.
The opaline veil of heaven is rent,
And through the rift a ray is sent
To guide the loved returning son,
His guerdon sure, his glory won.
Morning stars chant of One, esteemed
For vows fulfilled, and souls redeemed;
And always Jesus walks again
Where men lay down their lives for men.

Biographical Sketches of Award Winners in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

Eva Willes Wangsgaard, Ogden, Utah, is the author of four books of poetry: *Singing Hearts, Down This Road, After the Blossoming*, and *Within the Root*. Since 1934 her poems have appeared in many publications, including *The Saturday Evening Post, The New York Times, The New York Herald Tribune, The Washington Post, The Washington Star*, and many other magazines and newspapers of national circulation. She has won many prizes in contests which have been open to all poets of the nation —contests sponsored by the Poetry Society of Virginia, the Poetry Society of Georgia, the Poetry Society of Texas, the Poetry Society of Ohio, the Writers' Club of California, and many others.

Long a contributor of poems, stories, and articles to *The Relief Society Magazine*, Mrs. Wangsgaard was awarded first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1942 and 1946, and second prize in 1939 and 1947. She is a member of the Blue Quill Writers Club of Ogden and an officer in the League of Utah Writers. As an excellent critic of poetry, Mrs. Wangsgaard has served as a judge in many contests and is one of the best-known of Latter-day Saint writers.

Wife of David Wangsgaard, Assistant Superintendent of Ogden City Schools, who died in 1946, Mrs. Wangsgaard is the mother of four children and has twelve grandchildren.

Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, is the wife of Reid W. Young, and the mother of four sons, ranging in age, as she says, "from a Cub Scout to a toddler." Although she is a comparatively new writer, Mrs. Young is already well known to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*, who have enjoyed her stories: "We Are So Busy," (March 1949); "That Monson Kid" (April 1950); "A Star Is Shining" (November 1950); "Polly Played for Keeps" (June 1951); "A Vacation for Mother" (July 1951); and "A Tribute to Miss Tracy" (May 1952). Her poem "Shine Softly Stars" was awarded first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest last year. She is an active member of the League of Utah Writers.

Mrs. Young writes: "I love Relief Society, and I teach the social science lessons in our ward (Gardenview) in the East Jordan Stake. I write for the joy it brings me. But if anything I have written has afforded enjoyment or happiness to anyone, I am deeply grateful."

Eleanor W. Schow, Brigham City, Utah, comments upon the purpose in writing her poem "The Greater Love": "Because of the deep feeling expressed by many of our mothers concerning the dangers and sorrows of the present time, and the fears in the hearts of all for the future of their loved ones, I had felt that I should be very grateful if, through my poem, others should be comforted.

"I was born in Paradise, Utah, a daughter of Patriarch John Welch and Edvenia Jeppson Welch. My husband is Elmer C. Schow, and we have four sons and two daughters, and ten grandchildren. From childhood I have loved the publications of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I feel deeply indebted to the writers whose work reached me in childhood and youth. My poems have appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine, The Improvement Era, The Deseret News, The Children's Friend, The Kaleidograph*, and other poetry publications, as well as in the anthologies *Our Legacy* and *Utah Sings* (Volume II)."

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the award winners in the short story contest which was announced in the June 1952 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed September 15, 1952.

The first prize of forty dollars is awarded to Hazel K. Todd, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her story "Forever After."

The second prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Mabel Harmer, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her story "Morning's at Seven."

The third prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Norma Wrathall, American Fork, Utah, for her story "Marcie's Pink Taffeta."

This story contest, first conducted by the Relief Society general board in 1941 as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories are to be published consecutively in the first three issues of the *Magazine* for 1953.

Thirty-three manuscripts were submitted in the contest for 1952. The winner of the first prize this year has not previously received an award in the Relief Society Short Story contest; the second prize winner this year received the third prize in 1944 and first prize last year; the third prize winner placed first in 1943 and second in 1950.

This contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The general board feels that the response to this opportunity will continue to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

Many of the stories submitted in the 1952 contest were beautifully and professionally written. Most of the entries revealed an understanding of characterization, dialogue, and other features of story technique.

The Relief Society Magazine now has a circulation of approximately 110,000. There are subscribers in every state in the Union, and in many foreign countries, thus providing a varied and interested group of readers. Writers, recognizing this large and appreciative audience, realize the importance of entering in the contest their very best work.

The general board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the three judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-wining stories. The general board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

First Prize Story

Forever After

Hazel K. Todd

EVERY night when we went after the cows, I would race Pood up the hill. But dogs have more legs than boys, so Pood nearly always won. I would pull off my shoes and dangle my bare feet in the sand from the sand ledge where you could see all over the valley. Tonight, as always, I looked down across the meadow to the willows where me and Pood caught frogs. And where my dad caught frogs when he was a little boy. But I wouldn't be catching frogs much longer now, because we were going to move away from the place where I had lived all the eight years of my life, and Bertha all her ten years. And there wouldn't be any frogs in the city where we were going because whenever we had been there to visit Grandmother and Grandfather Nelson, the only pond I could remember was a pool in the park where you swam, and there wasn't any frogs in it.

Mother said it would be wonderful to be in the city, because Bertha could take dancing lessons, and I wouldn't roam all over the hills, and she and daddy could go to concerts. She had always lived in the city until she came to Springtown to teach school and married dad. Whenever mother talked about her home in the city she got stars shining in her eyes.

HAZEL K. TODD

I punched holes in the dirt with my toe and watched the sand hurry to fill them up. Dad came up the path with the shovel over his shoulder. He leaned it against a tree and came over and poked me in the ribs. Then he sat down beside me and put one foot up on the ledge with his knee sticking up; so I put a foot upon the ledge, too, with my knee sticking up.

"Who won the race tonight?" dad asked.

"Pood did," I said, and Pood wagged his stumpy tail so hard he fell over.

Dad laughed at Pood and patted his shaggy head. "When I was a little boy," he said, "I used to sit here in this same place with my dog."

"I'm going to have six boys," I said.

Dad just said, "Oh," without acting surprised or anything.

"Six boys could catch a lot of frogs," I said.

"Sure could," my dad said. "When I was catching frogs I used to think I'd like to live here all my life, and let all my children grow up here."

And he told me again about his grandfather and grandmother Martin that Brigham Young sent here to settle the country, and how they had to boil the bacon sacks for soup so they wouldn't starve to death.

"Dad," I said, "Let's not go to the city to live. I don't like city kids. They don't have any fun. Let's stay here and raise our kids."

Dad put his hand on my leg without looking at it. Then he said, "Men should try to make their wives happy, shouldn't they, son?"

"Unless they're like old man Kilgrew," I said, "and don't have a wife."

Dad grinned a little bit. "But you wouldn't want to be an old batch, then you couldn't have those six sons to catch frogs."

Pood was licking my bare foot with his tongue, and it made me remember I'd better take care of my business I'd been thinking about. So after I took the cows home I went over to old man Kilgrew's.

OLD man Kilgrew's house was a one-room shanty with two old wooden chairs and a homemade table. It had a black stove and a teakettle and some pots and pans hung around on wooden pegs. Most of the time he sat out in front on a bench whittling ornaments and things out of pine knots. He had shaggy eyebrows and a little bit of hair that curled over his old plaid shirt.

When Pood and me came up, old man Kilgrew didn't say anything. I sat on the stool with little curly knots all over it.

"Better go take your cows home," he said, without looking up.

"I did," I said. Then I thought I just as well get it over with. "Mr. Kilgrew," I said, "I want to give Pood to you."

He stopped working, then, and looked at me over the top of his glasses. "What fur?"

I was afraid he wouldn't take Pood. But I thought how unhappy Pood'd be in the city, so I went on, "I don't think Pood would like to live in the city. Every time I talk to him about it he yelps just awful. He couldn't run around. Mother said he'd have to wear a dog harness or something."

Mr. Kilgrew didn't say anything. He was gluing something. He didn't even look at Pood.

"He'd keep you from getting so lonesome . . . ."

"Don't need no comp'ny," Mr. Kilgrew said, and I felt like I might cry, so I turned and started away.

"Where you goin'?" Mr. Kilgrew asked. "Sit down!"

I came back and sat down.

"Didn't say I wouldn't take Pood."

"You mean you will, Mr. Kilgrew?"

"Now, hold on. As long as he minds his business . . . ."

"Oh, Pood'll mind his business! Oh, thanks, Mr. Kilgrew! Oh, golly!"

I was so glad that Pood could stay in the valley where he had always lived that I didn't know what to do, so I turned and ran for home.

After supper dad went to a scout meeting, because, like he told mother, he had to train someone else to take his place, because it was lots of work to be the scoutmaster. I couldn't wait to be twelve so I could be a scout and go with dad's scouts on the camping trips and come home smelling like campfires and all covered with dirt.

Mother was clearing away the dishes, and dad went over and kissed her like he always did when he was going somewhere. They stood looking out the window across the orchard and the blackberry bushes.

"ARE you sure you have a sale for the place?" mother asked.

Dad kept looking for a minute, and then he pushed the curly hair back from mother's forehead and said, "Who'll lead the choir when you're gone?"

Mother just sort of shrugged her shoulders.

"You have no need to worry about the farm," dad said then. "Lew Jones has wanted this place ever since I was a little boy. All I have to do is say the word."

I sat up with a jolt. Lew Jones! That meant that old freckled-faced Snurt would live here in our house and sleep in my room and . . . . It made me sick. Snurt was a great big bully, and I hated him. Once he had thrown a rock at Pood and made him limp for a week. And when I'd cried and tried to wrap up Pood's foot, Snurt had laughed at me and made ugly faces by pushing his nose up between his eyes. He called me Polliwog and picked on all the little kids at school.

I went upstairs and sat on my bed. I felt weak like I'd been racing Pood up the hill a dozen times. I could hear Bertha in her room, so I went in. She was all dressed up in some of mother's big dresses with lace on her head and ribbons and sashes dragging across the floor.

"Do you know who's going to buy our place?" I demanded.

"Nope," she said, waving her arms around like pictures of dancing girls.

"It's Lew Jones!" I said, "which means that old Snurt will live right here in our house!"

Bertha stopped a minute. She didn't like Snurt either. But pretty soon she just shrugged her shoulders and went flitting across the room, holding her skirt up.

As I turned to go I saw Bertha's dolls sitting in rows in the window seat where she always played with them.

"Old Snurt will play in the window seat and dangle his legs out the window," I said and went to my own room.

I couldn't sleep. Mother came and kissed me good night, with

shining eyes and sweet-smelling perfume. She whispered something about living where I could have more advantages, that I didn't understand. I lay and listened to the frogs croaking down in the pond.

Suddenly I sat up with a jerk that almost shook my loose tooth out. Pood! What would happen to Pood? If he stayed here with old man Kilgrew, Snurt would get him. He would throw rocks at him and kill him.

I got up and sat by the French windows. I watched the moon sailing through the sky. It went very fast. I thought about Pood and Snurt and Mr. Kilgrew and the frogs. And I was all mixed up because I didn't know what I was going to do. And the moon kept going faster and faster, and pretty soon it started to run. It had legs like Snurt. It was Snurt, running and throwing rocks. And Pood was yelping and limping because one of Snurt's rocks had hit him in the leg. And then, when old Snurt was about to catch up with Pood, I screamed, even though I was a big boy and ought to know better.

I jerked and bumped my head on the window sill. And then I found that I had been dreaming, and it was still the moon sailing through the sky.

I got back into bed and pulled the covers over me. Dad came in, in his robe, because he'd heard me scream. So I told him I was going to give Pood to Mr. Kilgrew; then he wouldn't have to be tied up in a dog harness and live in the stufly old city. When he'd gone I went down and got Pood from the porch chair. I pulled him into the covers with me and held his fuzzy body close to me. And there in bed with his wet nose against my cheek, I knew what to do, just like it was so clear as if I should have known all the time. And so me and Pood went to sleep until morning when we would get up early and take care of our business.

THE sun was just coming up when we came over the hill from old man Kilgrew's, where it had really been something. The first thing I saw was the big, old, black Buick in front of our house and old Snurt hanging out the window. I was real angry. The idea of old Lew Jones coming here before breakfast to get our farm! I slipped into the house before Snurt saw me, and slid down on the floor behind the hall door because I could hear dad and mother and Lew Jones in the living room.

Through the crack of the door I could see dad twisting his hat around like he did the time when mother wanted him to sell the sorrel colt and he didn't want to.

"It would be better to go now and let the children get acquainted before school starts," mother said.

"Sure," old Lew Jones said. "What's the use stalling, Martin, if you've made up your mind to leave? Take the kids and let 'em get started."

That did it. I got up from behind the door and I came out with my hands clenched. "Mr. Jones," I said, "I don't need to get acquainted with any city kids because I'm not going."

Mother and dad both turned and looked at me. "William!" mother said, "What are you talking about?"

"I'm not going to move to the

city," I said. "I'm going to stay and live with old man Kilgrew. He said I could."

Mother stared at me, and dad came over and put his arm around my shoulder without saying anything.

"What a joke!" Lew Jones said. He put back his head and laughed, a big, loud laugh. And then he looked at me through his squinty little eyes. "So you're going to live with Mr. Kilgrew?"

"Yes, I am!" I said, "and it's none of your business!"

"William!" mother said, "you musn't talk that way to Mr. Jones."

"Would you mind coming back tomorrow night?" dad asked Lew Jones.

Lew opened his mouth like he was going to say something, but, instead, he grunted and went out the door.

Then I saw Bertha standing in the kitchen door. Her eyes were all red. And there we were, all the Martin family, standing there together and all feeling as if we'd eaten something that wasn't good for us.

All of a sudden, Bertha ran and buried her face in mother's skirt and cried worse than I had heard her since the spotted calf fell in the gully. Mother lifted Bertha's face and looked into her tears. "Not you, too, Bertha! You mean you don't want to go either!"

AND so, before I knew what was happening, mother was going to the city where grandmother and grandfather Nelson were. She came in the morning and kissed me on the cheek. She held onto me for a long time. Then, before I could make up my mind to get my clothes on and go with her, she was gone. And, in a few minutes, I heard the car drive away out of the garage, and I knew daddy was taking her to the bus station, and I was afraid.

Bertha came in, in her nightgown. "Did mother cry when she told you goodbye?" she asked.

I nodded my head. I was scared.

Then daddy came back, and we ate breakfast, only nobody was hungry, so I gave it all to Pood, and he couldn't eat it all.

Daddy helped Bertha with the dishes, and then he took us each by the hand and we went into the living room.

Hazel K. Todd, Salt Lake City, Utah, is a first-time winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, although she has been represented in the *Magazine* by three short stories: "Sweeter Than Any Story" (April 1948); "Through the Darkness" (April 1949); "Herman and the Birthday Dinner" (April 1951).

Mrs. Todd writes: "I am the wife of Francis S. Todd, a civil engineer. We have five children, including seven-year-old twins. Writing is a hobby I love very much, but usually keep on the shelf while I do something else. At present I am president of the Relief Society in my ward and teach an eight-o'clock seminary class for students at Horace Mann Junior High School. I have won story-writing contests at Snow College and at the Utah State Agricultural College, and was the 1946 winner of the *Deseret News* Christmas story "Snow in My Heart." For some reason, children always find their way into my stories."

"Daddy," I said, because I was awful afraid, "mother won't ever come back, will she?"

Daddy's hand was shaking. He sat down on the couch and pulled us down on each side of him. "It would be very lonesome without mother, wouldn't it?" he asked.

Already I hurt all over inside, and I felt as if it had been a year since mother had gone.

"Couldn't we go and get her after awhile?" Bertha asked.

"But mother doesn't want to live in Springtown," daddy said. "A long time ago I promised her that sometime, if she still wanted to, I would take her back to her home."

"But, dad, you want to stay here," I said.

"We are a family, and we must stick together," daddy said, "and we must keep my promise."

And then I knew we must sell the farm to Lew Jones and go to mother, even Pood, because he was part of the family.

And so all day we worked. Daddy got the suitcases out of the storage closet and told us to put our clothes in first. Then he got some big boxes and told us to put our toys in. I saw Bertha get her dolls in out of the window seat. And then when I looked they were back in the window seat. Then after while she put them in again.

AFTER a long while the day passed, and we had boxes all over. Daddy said the moving van would take the furniture, and there were still lots of things to take care of on the farm, so we wouldn't start on the dishes yet.

We went into the living room, and I knew we were waiting for Lew Jones to come, and then the farm would soon be his, and the frog pond and the window seat where Bertha kept her dolls, and everything.

Bertha and I stood by the window, and sure enough, pretty soon the big old Buick started up our driveway, and I thought my heart would beat my ribs out.

The car stopped. I held my breath.

And then the door opened and there stood mother. The wind had blown her hair from under her hat so that it curled around her face. Her eyes were big and shining, and she was beautiful.

"Lillian!" dad stood up. "Why are you here?"

"Because," she said, almost like she could cry, "I wanted to come home."

I looked at dad and saw the light leap into his face.

"It happened as I rode along in the bus," mother went on, while we stood waiting. "Passing the farmhouses that had been our friends. I saw over the hills the camps where you had taken the boy scouts; and the chapel with the choir I had led. And—well, as we left behind all the things that had been my home, where my children were born, I suddenly knew that the things that mattered were right here in this peaceful valley, just as much as in the city that used to be my home. Here was my family, and, like them, I wanted to live here forever!"

"But, mother, that was Lew Jones' Car."

Mother laughed, a bright, happy

laugh. "Yes, Billy, he picked me up. I didn't call, because I wanted it to be a surprise."

A car motor started out in front. It sped up and then died away in the distance.

"Lew Jones," mother said. "I told him the farm was not for sale at any price, but I guess he waited a while to be sure."

I felt so full I could burst. I hugged mother's legs as I went by because dad had his arms around the rest of her. Then I bumped into Bertha on her way upstairs.

"Pood!" I called, and Pood came runing to meet me. "Come on, boy, let's run up the hill."

At the top I stopped and pulled off my shoes and let my feet dangle in the sand. The sun was just going down. I looked across the valley, over the hill toward old man Kilgrew's, and I promised Pood we'd go over in the morning and tell Mr. Kilgrew we were not going to live with him. I looked at the willows where the frog pond was and thought of the six boys I was going to have, and I would raise them here in the valley and we would live here forever after.

We Must Unite to Conquer Poliomyelitis

Basil O'Connor
President, The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis

POLIO incidence is getting worse in about the same proportion that March of Dimes research is getting better.

Polio played a game of numbers with human lives in 1952. In its most savage attack of all time, the disease swept down upon the nation and made statistics of people. Week after week, in countless communities, public interest was focused grimly upon numbers—the significant numbers which, summed up in cold, simple terms, tell the full extent of polio's ravages.

While scientists this year were discovering that gamma globulin provides marked, if temporary, protection against paralytic polio, the disease claimed more than 50,000 victims in an outburst as perverse as it was unprecedented.

The nation is in a tug-of-war with polio, and the help of every American is urgently needed if this crippling disease is ever to be banished from our environment. As polio casts its shadow over its potential victims of 1953, the need for a quick knockout blow grows in significance. That punch will take a tremendous amount of March of Dimes funds.

You can bolster the 1953 March of Dimes campaign by giving it your individual support and, by urging every organization to which you belong to unite in support of the campaign—and thereby join in what may well be polio's last stand.

We hope that you will be able to lend your strength to the winning of this war against the only epidemic disease still on the increase in America.

The Value and Use of Audio-Visual Teaching Aids in Relief Society

Leone G. Layton
Member, Relief Society General Board

THE objective of every Relief Society class leader is to convey to her class members ideas, knowledge, and basic information of the lesson in the time allotted to her. It is her earnest desire that learning will take place that the purpose of her hours of preparation will be accomplished. She, therefore, welcomes a teaching aid which will add to the effective presentation of her lessons.

Learning is experience centered. The more vital the sensory experiences that are provided in the lesson presentation, the easier it will be for class members to learn. To see as well as hear helps us feel more completely the reality of the experience shared through lesson subject matter.

The Master Teacher shows us the value of appeal to the eye as well as the ear:

> . . . bring me a penny, that I may see it. And they brought it. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? And they said unto him, Caesar's. And Jesus answering said unto them, Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's. And they marvelled at him (Mark 12:15-17).

Well might they marvel. When was a message more simple or more forceful? When was a visual aid used more effectively?

Values of Audio-Visual Aids

There are many audio-visual aids which we may use today. Books, still pictures, motion pictures, film strips, maps, posters, graphs, charts, blackboard chalk illustrations, records, and many others are readily available. But before we can make effective use of them we must understand some of their teaching values.

1. They save words and so save time.
2. They stimulate interest.
3. They focus attention.
4. They supply concrete material.
5. They give correct impressions.
6. They aid in retention.
7. They help recall experiences.
8. They substitute for real experience.
9. They provide emphasis.
10. They enrich and clarify.

However, as you study their values, you also become aware of possible dangers in their use. For example, if a picture shown does not apply specifically to the lesson and must be explained, neither words nor time are saved. It is true that interest will have been stimulated; attention will have been focused; the class may remember the incident; but the lesson certainly will not have been clarified and a correct impression will not have been left by the use of the aid.

Selection of Teaching Aids

Our selection of teaching aids must be carefully made. Relief Society is a Church auxiliary, and every picture, chart, graph, map, or

book used, must teach truth in such a manner as to forward Relief Society and Church objectives.

We must be sure that the aid we plan to use:

1. Will have direct relationship to lesson subject matter.
2. Will supplement and enrich lesson subject matter.
3. Will have definite and apparent place in lesson presentation.
4. Will forward lesson objective.
5. Will be suitable for Relief Society members.

If the chart or picture has no direct relationship to the lesson, it will distract from the smooth, well-integrated unfoldment of the lesson material and will serve no real teaching purpose.

Relief Society members are women of broad and varied experiences. An abstraction or generalization attains a richness of meaning only to the extent that concrete experience is wide and varied; also the value of visual aids depends upon the nature and extent of the person's previous experience. It follows, then, that visual aids prepared for a child's level of experience would not be suited for use in teaching an adult level.

Cautions in Choosing Teaching Aids:

We must not use:

1. *Too much material for one lesson.*
When you find it hard to discard an interesting picture and are tempted to use too much material, think how the effectiveness of the lesson of the coin would have been lessened by elaboration.

2. *Material unsuited to the teaching facilities.*
You must suit the amount of material you plan to put on a blackboard to the size of the blackboard that is available. Light projected pictures demand a room that can be darkened and a source of power for the light.

3. *Material poor in quality.*
A picture that is poor in quality, and detracts from the ideal, does not add to lesson quality, such as a line drawing of a Book of Mormon character prepared for children.

4. *Inaccurate or confusing material.*
Any map used must be accurate, with the placements on it correct. Latter-day Saints do not show angels as having wings. Charts that are not simple and definite may confuse rather than clarify.

5. *Material not well integrated.*

If you have a real reason for using a record, picture, chart, or book, you will have no difficulty integrating it in your lesson plan. It will fit as does the right piece in a puzzle and will forward your objective by its use.

Ten Ways Pictures Aid in Teaching

While all audio-visual aids have a certain common value, each one has a certain definite service it can render. For example, pictures serve in ten ways.

A well-chosen picture may *capture attention* and at the same time introduce a lesson, *arouse interest, curiosity,* and *suspense,* and thus stimulate thinking about the lesson.

Pictures definitely *increase understanding.* "You will have to draw me a picture" has become a catch phrase to let a person know you do not understand his explanation. We can read about a place or hear it described, yet find that when shown a picture of it, the thousand

words have not made us understand as one picture does.

Through arousing interest and aiding to a more complete understanding, pictures stimulate the desire of the members to tell the class about their experience, or ask questions, and so they *promote class participation.*

Pictures *create mood.* They can arouse in us definite feelings of response. Literature leaders will be able to use this to advantage in the lessons on poetry. To be able to create the mood of the poet's word picture will aid in an appreciation of a poem, as a stage set does a play.

Pictures *aid memory.* They help us re-live experiences. One picture can serve as a quick review of an entire lesson, and thus *accelerate learning.*

We never become too old to appreciate a book containing pictures. They *enrich reading,* they *stimulate the imagination,* and help us go beyond the mere words of the text.

Use of Pictures in Literature Lessons

"Imagination is the soul of poetry," Coleridge says. The right picture may stimulate our imagination and add to our enjoyment of a poem. In the lesson on Shelley, "My soul is an enchanted boat, which like a sleeping swan doth float," or "deep autumnal tones" or "drive my dead thoughts like withered leaves," call for pictures which will help us imagine the mood and beauty of the lines.

Pictures of the countryside the authors knew and loved, help us re-create the experiences they had. The rugged highlands to Scott typify the stark courage of Jeannie Deans and her rugged honesty which provide the theme for "*The Heart of Midlothian.*" We follow her by map and picture on her journey from Edinburgh to London to see the queen. Fortunately for us, another woman took that same walk, and we have pictures and a map illustrating it in the *National Geographic Magazine* of August 1950.

Teaching Helps for Theology

At the present time there are no pictures illustrating the Book of Mormon which can be purchased, and so for help in these lessons we must look to other teaching aids.

The blackboard is the common medium of visual instruction, and is readily available. Its use also encourages attention, adds interest, and brings active class participation. The class leader can list, describe, or sketch ideas as the occasion demands.

This season both our theology and social science courses have lessons that are doctrinal in nature. Doctrine does not lend itself to visual presentation; however, there are many concrete and factual things in the lessons which may be illustrated on a blackboard to aid in understanding, to clarify, to add emphasis, and to help us remember.

In lesson 13 of the theology course, "Separation into Nephites and Lamanites," we could list the differences between the Nephites and the Lamanites. We could write

down the answers given by class members in answer to the question, "What industries did Nephi encourage among his people?" The principles of progress applicable to our nation which are found in the development of the Nephite civilization, might be written on the board.

Aids for Social Science

The social science lesson 8, "Modern Trends in Government," has some factual material in it which could add interest and make the lesson more forceful, if listed. The abundant knowledge which has been given in specific fields, the agencies being debased today, the signs of warning we have been given already, will all provide lesson emphasis if placed before us by the class leader.

Collecting Teaching Aids for Future Lessons

As soon as your *Relief Society Magazine* comes, read over the lesson, and become aware of the possibilities contained in the lesson for audio-visual aids. It will be surprising to you how many ideas come to you for lesson enrichment. You may start to collect aids for future lessons, as well. Many magazines are a fruitful source for tear sheets (pages torn from a magazine or book). The magazines of the past year have had a wealth of good material on the early history of the United States Government, the Constitution, and reproductions of historical documents. These are always valuable, so look over your magazines carefully before you discard them, and start a file of good tear sheets.

Use of Hectograph and Opaque Projector

When simple line drawings are needed for a lesson presentation, it is possible to reproduce them with a hectograph. A hectograph helps us prepare study sheets in quantity when we wish to give excerpts to all members of our class. Hectographs can be obtained from any good school supply house or you may make your own.

To display pictures that are too small to be seen by all the class, or that you do not wish to remove from a book, an opaque projector can be used. These can be made quite inexpensively and are very simple to use. Directions for making your own may be found in the *New Home Workshop Encyclopedia*, Popular Science Publishing Company, page 439. The Sunday School in your ward may own both an opaque projector and a hectograph. Directions for making both were given in the Sunday School Visual Aids Clinic held in connection with the Sunday School general conference of 1952. You can trace the enlarged drawing or map from the projection or use the projection if facilities are available.

In conclusion, we would urge you to recognize the value of teaching aids; study how to use them purposefully; and remember always that audio-visual aids are valuable only as they aid in teaching the reality of the lesson quickly and effectively.

Wayne Davis

BIG LAKE, ARIZONA

Reflection

Mirla Greenwood Thayne

How constant stands the stately evergreen;
Steadfast amid the change of sun and sod,
She holds her destiny in gnarled roots
And lifts her pinioned fingers up to God.

When autumn paints the oak a lavish hue,
And aspens barter green for burnished gold,
Then winter wields his scythe of icy blue
And leaves the forest shivering and cold.

Still placid stand the gallant fir and pine,
Accepting winter's mantle in a storm
As age receives the silver crown of time,
To stand undaunted, in majestic form.

Yet many a man whose strength could fell a tree,
Caught in life's storms, knows less of constancy.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1893

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

WOMAN'S WORK ON THE SANDWICH ISLANDS: . . . After bidding goodbye to those who had assisted us (in Maimea) we mounted our horses for a twenty five mile ride to Halaua in the North Kohala District. Riding horseback through pleasant scenery to one accustomed to horses might seem a pleasure trip, but to one who is not it becomes a very arduous task. The scenery, most of the way, is very barren and rocky. At 6 o'clock we arrived at Halaua tired and exhausted from our long ride Thursday, with horses for only half our company, we started out for Honokani . . . . I can imagine some of our dear friends at home would have enjoyed seeing us on those little donkeys wending our zigzag way down the almost perpendicular face of the mountains . . . . The R. S. organization at Honokani is a lively one, awake to their duties and is managed as satisfactorily as any with which we have met, the sweet singing, by the young members of the Society as interspersed through the meeting, was a very pleasing feature . . . . —E. D. N.

HAIL THE GLAD NEW YEAR: No doubt many good resolutions have been made and will be kept, and it is always good to try even though one may sometimes fall short of the standard of excellence which he or she may desire to reach . . . . While we may realize that many things have been neglected in the past year and mistakes made, new resolves will be formed that in their earnestness and favor will help those upward and onward that diligently seek to do good and assist in the perfecting and uplifting of humanity, and the preparation for the great day of the Millenium. —Editorial

WOMAN

First to greet lovingly man at his birth,
Last to forsake him when dying,
First to make sunshine around his hearth,
Last to lose heart and cease trying . . . .

Last at the cross of her crucified Lord,
First to behold him when risen,
First to proclaim him to life restored,
Bursting from death's gloomy prison.

—Lu Dalton

INTERESTING NEWS FROM CANADA: The Relief Society having no outside branches have made their annual meeting the occasion of general reports and an assembling of outside ranching members. The last meeting was gratifying in all respects . . . a lunch stand dispensed the good things of life . . . a neat sum of cash was handed over as the result. In the evening an excellent program was rendered. Music by the brass band, solos on the violin and organ, recitations, songs and speeches, with some fine step dancing . . . . As there are no poor here who depend on the society, the means gathered is spent in caring for the occasional needs of sickness or accident, and all public enterprises.

From Cardston, Alberta, January 2, 1893.

NOTES AND NEWS: A St. Louis woman has recently perfected a singular invention. She has applied for a patent to cover the process of making "sweet potato flour." The processes are those of peeling the potato and kiln drying the peel . . . . of drying and grinding the potato into three distinct grades of flour.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, General President of Relief Society, and Counselor Velma N. Simonsen attended a three-day convention of the National Council of Women in New York City in October 1952. Mrs. Spafford, who has served as third vice-president for three years, was elected second vice-president. She conducted one of the general sessions, and in a morning business meeting, presented the annual report of the activities of Relief Society.

AMY BROWN LYMAN, former general president of Relief Society, was especially honored at this convention in a tribute read by Anita Pollitzer, which extolled Mrs. Lyman's service as a pioneer worker in the organization and as a distinguished leader of women, particularly in the field of social work.

MRS. VIRGINIA BORRISON of Tarentum, Pennsylvania, rode in an ambulance to the polls to vote in November 1952, six hours after the birth of a baby.

REPRESENTATIVE Frances P. Bolton, Republican, was re-elected to a seventh term in Ohio's twenty-second district. Her son Oliver was elected representative in the eleventh district, Ohio, for a first term.

IVY BAKER PRIEST (Mrs. Roy Priest) Bountiful, Utah, who directed the activities of the women's division of the National Republican Committee during the recent election campaign, has been appointed Treasurer of the United States by President-elect Eisenhower, to succeed Georgia Neese Clark, present incumbent. Mrs. Priest, a Latter-day Saint woman and mother of three children, has long been active in educational, political, and community affairs. In commenting upon her appointment, Mrs. Priest remarked: "General Eisenhower has given women a representative voice in the financial housekeeping of the Government."

OVETA CULP HOBBY, wife of former Texas Governor William Pettus Hobby, has been named administrator of the Federal Security Agency by President-elect Eisenhower. Former wartime head of the Women's Army Corps, Mrs. Hobby, with her husband, is editor and publisher of the *Houston Post*.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Eardley of Salt Lake City, who recently celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary, and to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Watkins of Brigham City, Utah, who have been married seventy-one years.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 40 JANUARY 1953 NO. 1

Gifts of Prayer

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? (Matt. 7:11)

AS the new year begins, good gifts await the righteous individual who, with a living faith in his Heavenly Father and a knowledge of his commandments, seeks the desires of his heart in fervent prayer. He who thus prays is sustained in sorrow and "good things" are given him of the Father throughout the year.

The scriptures are replete with admonitions of the necessity for prayer and the sure promise of an answer. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matthew 7:7), reiterated the Savior. One is commanded to pray always.

The love of a mother has been termed the nearest thing on earth to God's love. Her love is such that she sorrows at waywardness in a child and maintains a constant vigil and watchcare over him, pouring out loving kindnesses day and night. All the spiritual guidance she can bestow and the material gifts she considers wise, she gives to her child.

The Father's love is infinite. He has wept over the wickedness of the children, the workmanship of his hands, who are without affection for him, to whom they owe their knowledge and their agency. Yet he holds out to the least worthy the divine gift of repentance, and there is joy in heaven over the sinner that repents. To a faithful son he has promised, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine" (Luke 15:31). The Father will give his children the greatest gifts if they seek them and ask him.

Whether one kneels alone to pray aloud and plead with the Lord or sends up a silent cry among men, the Father is close at hand to heed the prayer. However, the Savior has set forth certain requirements for the answering of prayers, for the bestowal of good gifts.

What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. And when ye stand praying, forgive if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses (Mark 11:24-25).

One is counseled to forgive and believe.

Heavenly Father is perfect. He is loving and merciful; he is likewise just, omniscient, and omnipotent. In approaching him in prayer, David was led to exclaim:

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained: What is man,

that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him? (Ps. 8:3-4)

In family prayer when a young couple kneels, at first alone and then, as the years pass, joined by their children, the proper language of prayer should be used. President Stephen L Richards has given this admonition:

> It always seems disappointing to me to have our Father in heaven addressed as "you." I think you might make note of it and avail yourselves of all opportunities that may come in order to teach the sacred and reverential language of prayer.

In a Latter-day Saint home it is at a mother's knee that a child learns to pray, almost from infancy. There, first, he may be taught not only to pray in love, expecting an answer to his prayer, but also that the prayer should be couched in respectful and reverential words. The language of the sacred writings is the pattern to be followed in addressing Deity, *thou* and not you.

Through prayer, the knowledge of the Father grows and increases within one. As the Savior said, "The Father hath not left me alone" (John 8:29), neither need any of his children on earth be left alone, but they may go to him in prayer always and receive "good things," eternal gifts.

—M. C. S.

* * * *

Elder Ezra Taft Benson Appointed Secretary of Agriculture

ELDER Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve has been appointed Secretary of Agriculture in the cabinet of President-elect Dwight D. Eisenhower. Elder Benson was born in 1899 of pioneer forebears who were among the first settlers in the farming community of Whitney, two and one-half miles east of Preston, Idaho. The eldest of eleven sons and daughters, he was educated at Oneida Stake Academy, Utah State Agricultural College, Brigham Young University, and Iowa State College. He and his wife, Flora Amussen, whom he married in the Salt Lake Temple in 1926, are the parents of two sons and four daughters. Elder Benson is the first clergyman in a century to be appointed to membership in the cabinet of the United States. A devoted defender of the Constitution of the United States, Elder Benson has expressed his belief in the American system of Government: "With all its weaknesses, our free enterprise system has accomplished in terms of human welfare that which no other economic or social system has ever approached."

The general board and members of Relief Society throughout the stakes and missions of the Church congratulate Elder Benson on this signal honor which has come to him, and extend best wishes for happiness and success in his new work. May the blessings and guardianship of our Heavenly Father be with him.

In Memoriam — Isabel Barton Callister

ISABEL Barton Callister, a former member of the Relief Society general board, died November 13, 1952. High tributes were paid to her beautiful and outstanding character at her funeral services on November 17, 1952, by President Belle S. Spafford, President Richard L. Evans, and President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

One speaker characterized her outstanding attribute as courage, for in the five years since her health forced her to resign from the general board, she has courageously faced her situation, and though many months have been spent in bed, she always looked to the future with cheerfulness and hope. Because of her deep faith and knowledge of the gospel, she was unfaltering in her trust in the Lord and in the life hereafter. Her fine intellect was enhanced by sweetness and charity.

Sister Callister will be recalled by the Relief Society sisters of the stakes in which she conducted Relief Society conventions a few years ago. She will be remembered with love and appreciation by her fellow workers on the board where she gave unreservedly of her great capabilities to every assignment.

Isabel Barton Callister leaves her devoted husband, Louis H., a son Louis Jr., and a daughter Sharee. To them and to her mother Sarah Armstrong Barton, who has cared for her with great faith, tenderly, and untiringly, the general board of the Relief Society and Relief Society members everywhere tender their heartfelt sympathy.

* * * *

Relief Society Monument at Nauvoo Moved

THE monument erected in 1933 by Relief Society to mark the site of the Joseph Smith Store in Nauvoo, where Relief Society was organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith, March 17, 1842, was moved on August 7, 1952, at the request of the Reorganized Church, owners of the property.

Under the direction of the First Presidency, the monument has now been placed in a beautiful location on the Nauvoo Temple Block. It is a short distance south of the Bureau of Information at the front of the Temple Block, looking toward the Mississippi River.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day, March 1, 1953, has been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society.

Suggestive plans for this evening meeting have been prepared by the general board and sent to the stakes in bulletin form.

It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting. Music for the Singing Mothers should be ordered at once.

Bound Volumes of 1952 Relief Society Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1952 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through the office of the general board, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.25, including the index. If the leather binding is preferred the cost is $3.25. If bound volumes are requested and the *Magazines* for binding are not supplied by the person making the request, the charge for furnishing the *Magazine* will be $1.50, which will be added to the cost of binding, thus making the total cost for cloth-bound volumes $3.75, and for leather-bound volumes $4.75. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is suggested that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1952 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to *Magazine* representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the *Magazine* in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1952 will be mailed to ward and stake *Magazine* representatives about April 1, 1953.

Irene Burch Sutton — Woman of Many Hobbies

IT would be difficult for Mrs. Irene Burch Sutton, of Oakley, Idaho, to tell which of her hobbies is most important in her life, or which gives most pleasure to her and to her friends and family. She is particularly skilled in crocheting, and her many exquisite and intricate designs reveal a keen sense of artistry and color harmony. Mrs. Sutton does many other types of handwork, as well as making decorative artificial flowers and many types of novelty gifts.

Music has long given Mrs. Sutton much personal pleasure, and she has been most generous with her talent, having served as ward organist for many years and as piano accompanist. She plays the harmonica and accordion, and has made many dances merry with her music. She has sung alto in choruses since her early youth, and particularly enjoys singing the hymns of the Latter-day Saints.

Her Church service has included many years of Sunday School teaching and secretarial work, and forty-eight years as a Primary teacher and officer. In Relief Society she has served in many capacities—counselor, organist, visiting teacher for thirty-five years, and at present she is *Magazine* representative, having achieved a one hundred per cent record during her three years of service.

However, the many hobbies and talents of Mrs. Sutton are not of greatest importance in her life. She keeps a lovely home and yard, assists her husband in his work on the farm, and maintains much interest in the families of her own three children and two adopted children.

The Summer Kitchen

Mary C. Martineau

SALLY Anne didn't have to cook over a fireplace. No, indeed! Sally Anne had a cookstove, and her cookstove was her pride and joy. She kept it polished a shiny black and the fire glowing cozily. On the front door of the stove above the grating it said *Home Comfort*, and on the oven door it said *Marvel*.

In the summertime Anne burned dry chips in her stove, and in the wintertime she burned thick sticks of pine and mahogany wood brought down from Logan canyon by her husband John, with his team, old Duke and Baldy, hitched to the running gears of his wagon.

John was a man a little over medium height, and he had wavy light brown hair and merry blue eyes. Sally Anne's hair and eyes were dark, and she was as slender and lithe as a willow.

Now Sally Anne wanted a summer kitchen. She was bound and determined to have one. You perhaps know what a summer home is, even if you have to live in your home the year round. But you cannot know what a summer kitchen is unless you are about my age and remember when they were in style.

All Sally Anne's neighbors had summer kitchens. Reeses' had one built out at the side of their house, connected to the back porch by a little runway. Jorgenson's summer kitchen didn't fasten on to their house at all, but stood clear away from it, and some planks were laid down from the back steps of the house to it, for Mrs. Jorgenson and the family to walk on (especially handy in rainy weather). Davis' summer kitchen was much on the same order, except no planks. And so I could go on and on from farmhouse to farmhouse all up and down the river in Jonesville, proving that Sally Anne's neighbors nearly all had summer kitchens.

But all that doesn't say what a summer kitchen was. Well, it was a place to put the kitchen stove in the summer and not "heat up the whole house," as Sally Anne put it.

One hot summer day while Sally Anne was cooking dinner, the kitchen (which was kitchen and dining room combined), kept getting hotter and hotter. The bread was baking in the oven, and kettles of vegetables were boiling on top of the stove. The meat for dinner was frying, and so was Sally Anne.

The children were all out playing in the swing under the trees, and the "men folks" (John and the big boys) were up in the meadow hauling hay. Sally Anne was alone in the hot kitchen. She leaned over the woodbox to get another stick of wood to put in the stove, thinking to herself, I feel like putting the stove out instead of putting this wood in! But she put the wood in—she had to or the bread and the dinner would have been ruined.

She wouldn't cook supper that evening. She simply fed the family something cold. There were no warmed up potatoes with fresh gravy; no rice pudding or pie. There wasn't anything but the bread that had finally cooled, freshly churned

butter, green onions and lettuce from the garden, and milk to drink. She was on strike for a summer kitchen.

EARLY the next morning Sally Anne said, "John, I want you to help me put this stove out under the trees."

John looked at her with apprehension. He was older than she and could never quite figure out what she'd be thinking of next. But he loved her—remember that—he loved her. She seemed amiable, and he was anxious to get out to the field, so he took hold of one side of the stove while she held to the other side. They carried the cookstove outside and put it under the trees in front of the house. She'd rather have had it around at the back, but when the kitchen was built they hadn't bothered to cut a door or window on that side.

John grumbled a little—just a little—when he scraped his knuckles on the door frame, as they were trying to get the stove through the doorway. But when he pinched his fingers, putting the stovepipe up, he said quite a few things. Sally Anne, pleased at getting her own way for once without argument, said nothing. But her dark eyes rebuked him.

John picked up a scythe and proceeded to the lucerne patch; Sally Anne prepared breakfast. She made mush in the kettle, black on the outside, white on the inside, and round on the bottom. But it stood solidly on three tiny legs.

The children were all up by now. The big boys went to help with the morning chores, but the younger ones brought the woodbox out and stood it behind the stove.

Nothing else was brought out of the house, not a thing, only the stove, with its heat and discomfort. Soon the little waves of heat went joyfully up to heaven where the winds blow free.

It was such fun to have the stove out. Now the kitchen was cool and pleasant when the family gathered around the table happily at dinnertime. Sally Anne's dinner was a masterpiece. The creamed vegetables, the delicious ham, the hot rolls, and the fresh apple pie were enough to heal any man's fingers and cheer his soul.

John smiled in hearty approval at his ambitious, sweet wife, making his blue eyes twinkle merrily, and his voice was like a caress. All was harmony. The seven children laughed and talked joyously. Under the circumstances, Sally Anne wouldn't have owned for the world that her legs were aching from the countless trips she had made between the kitchen and the stove.

As the summer wore on, Sally Anne found the outdoor stove very handy when it came time for corn drying. Two fifty-pound sacks, the results of her labors, were nearly full, when something happened—it rained! It rusted the stove, Sally Anne's precious stove. She'd just have to have a summer kitchen!

As Sally Anne rubbed the rust off with a rag dipped in vinegar, she was more sure than ever that she wanted a summer kitchen.

The last straw to try Sally Anne's patience was when Lucy stepped on the hot stove lid. The lid, which had been taken off in order to put

one of the big black kettles next to the fire, had been put on the ground back of the stove with a warning, "Now keep away from this." But Lucy, running away from her older sister Martha, dashed round the stove and stepped on the lid, barefooted.

Martha, grief-stricken, ran to the house, and brought out the soda. Sally Anne loaded all the soda on that would stick.

Martha put Lucy in the little wagon and pulled her about the lot, telling her stories, doing everything she could think of to distract her from her sorrows while Sally Anne finished cooking dinner.

It was served in the cool, pleasant kitchen; but John wasn't jovial, and Sally Anne was silent. She felt defeated. John said, "If the stove had been left in the house where it belongs, a thing like this wouldn't happen."

Sally Anne didn't eat any dinner. She had food for thought—and that was sufficient. In her heart she felt the sting of ingratitude. After dinner she crushed all arguments to the contrary, and the stove was brought in and put where it belonged.

THE weather became cooler, and the heat of the cookstove in the mornings felt good. Sally Anne thought, a house divided against itself cannot stand, so she told John before the children that she would never ask him to move the stove outdoors again. "I don't like to feel like a gypsy anyway," she added.

John had some very strong dislikes against other things, as well as against moving stoves. He hated debts, and if he had to sign a note to get machinery or some other necessity, it haunted him day and night. It happened that right then John was worrying about a note he had signed for a new wagon and a mowing machine, and he knew that when the crops were harvested, he still wouldn't have enough to pay for them. He could sell the potatoes, most of them anyway; but he wouldn't sell the wheat for that meant the winter's bread for his growing family.

"When's our turn to take the water, John?" asked Sally Anne one evening, as John sat beside the oilcloth-covered kitchen table reading. The lamplight was shining over him and his book. He loved to read; but tonight he was pretending. Sally Anne noticed that he looked a little stooped across his shoulders and that his hair was beginning to turn gray.

She was knitting a stocking. She kept her needles clicking merrily, and began to turn the heel.

She spoke again, "John, I can look after the water with the boys' help, if you want to make a trip up Logan canyon and get out some timber."

John put the book down with a bang. "Sally Anne," he said, "you can always find a job for me."

"And one for myself, too," answered Sally Anne.

The next morning John went to the canyon on the running gears of his wagon, with Duke and Baldy trotting merrily along. His grub box, well filled, was lashed on, as was his roll of bedding. He was gone four long days and nights getting out logs for the sawmill, but on

the fifth day, toward evening, he came down the lane on a big load of wood to be used in the kitchen stove that winter.

After the children were all in bed that night, John pulled an envelope out of his pocket and took a number of greenbacks out of it. "I can pay that note now, Sally Anne," he said, "with the money from the logs." She smiled happily when he handed her the money, and walked proudly to the cupboard to put it carefully away up on the top shelf.

THE fall and winter passed, and spring came again.

One morning, early, Sally Anne was down in the raspberry patch. The shadows of the trees still lay across the garden. It was cool. The birds were chattering their morning medley. Sally Anne stopped picking and hesitated; her sunbonnet had slipped back on her shoulders, showing her dark hair and sensitive face. The foliage of the berry patch hid her feet, but her lovely, straight shoulders and form were clearly visible to John, as he went down the hill to get the horses.

"The birds say, 'Sally Anne, Sally Anne,' " she called laughingly as she noticed John looking at her in a strange sort of way.

"I think they do, darling," replied John, and without more ado, he went on down the lane.

Sally Anne filled the big eight-quart milk pail with berries, and had the dishpan half full, when the girls came out to help. She said to Lucy, "Listen to the catbirds call; they are saying 'Sally Anne, Sally Anne.' "

Lucy listened. She could hear the catbirds all right, but they only sounded like a cat mewing softly, although she tried very hard to make their call sound like "Sally Anne."

The day was getting hot when they went to the house. Sally Anne bottled the berries when breakfast was over, and then began preparing dinner. The kitchen was fairly belching heat when John and the boys came in to eat.

The shirt on John's back was wet right through. If Sally Anne had said, "Come and help me move the stove out after dinner," he would have responded gladly, for he remembered the cool kitchen and the delicious dinners of the summer before. But Sally Anne didn't say it . . . she wouldn't. And he couldn't, not after his complaint. So they sat and ate dinner in silence and heat.

After dinner John stretched out on the lounge for his usual nap, but it was too hot to nap, so he got up and went out, the boys following.

That night he said, "I'm going up the canyon in the morning, Sally Anne, can you fix me up some grub?

"Why, John," she replied, "you know the potatoes need watering, and there is the rest of the hay to get in."

But he didn't care what she said. He left the rest of the hay for the boys to haul, and turned the watering job over to fate (although he knew Sally Anne would take care of it). Up the canyon he went, grub box, bedding, and all.

Sally Anne was surely vexed.

Her fury did not spend itself on

(Continued on page 72)

A Time to Forget

Chapter 7

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who works in San Francisco as a secretary, lost her fiance Jim Towers in the war. Unexpectedly, she inherits from her cousin Harriett Lester a walnut farm in the San Vicente Valley. There she meets a neighbor, Jeff Landeau, who lives wih his son David and his deceased wife's cousin Delia. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican, offers to help Serena with the farm work, and she gratefully accepts his offer, becoming much interested in his wholesome and buoyant attitude toward life. Serena makes friends with young David, and Jeff and Luis help her with the first harvest. Then the torrential rains come and flood Serena's land and her house. A huge oak tree, uprooted by the storm, destroys a screen porch. Soon after Christmas, Jeff and Serena are married and go on a honeymoon trip to Mexico. Upon their return, Delia greets them coldly.

ALONE with Delia, Serena was tense. She talked too much, covering Delia's coldness, who went about her work tight-lipped, scarcely answering questions. When she started to set the dining room table, Serena rose to help her.

"No," Delia said, lifting out the Haviland china from the corner cupboard, "I'll tend to it myself."

Serena struggled to keep the rebuff from showing in her soft, brown eyes.

"You're tired, driving all that way. You must go sit in the parlor." Delia made an attempt to cover her rudeness.

The sound of the returning car broke the awkward silence. Serena ran through the house to the back porch, her arms outstretched in eagerness to David. A step behind his father, the boy halted.

"Hello," he said with slow indifference, holding out his hand to ward off her embrace. She could not have been more surprised if the boy had come, leading with both fists. The color left her face, and she had to brace herself against the railing before she could tell him how glad she was to see him. *Relax, don't show there is anything wrong.* Relax and wait.

David started towards Delia, his face a question mark. She drew him to her side with an affectionate gesture. "You mind your manners, David, and tell Serena you're glad she's back." Her tone was that of a fond, admonishing parent.

It was all Serena could do to keep from turning to Jeff, who stood there as puzzled as she.

Smiling brightly at David, she said, "If you'll go into the living room, you'll find some things you might like. But we're saving the best for you when we go home tonight."

"Thanks," David answered and went into the living room, trailed by Delia, her face smug.

THE couch was heaped with brightly-colored wooden toys. Serena had bought the airplane and the child's gay carrousel made from discarded tin and bits of painted wood, with miniature figures astride the tiny animals. There were the straw animals bought from street vendors and the wooden bull's head Jeff had bought from a boy playing in the street. There was also a

boy's dream of a leather belt and wallet. In spite of his show of indifference, David's eyes danced.

"Oh, boy!" The exclamation died, half born on his lips. "Thanks, dad," he mumbled. Leaving his gifts untouched, he walked outside to the barn.

"I'll . . . ." Jeff turned in anger to follow the boy.

"Don't, not now." Serena touched his arm. Everything inside her crumpled. "There's something we don't understand."

"There surely is. And I intend to find out." But his feet hesitated.

"Boys get notions." Delia's voice was superior, her hands clasped under her white apron. "They pass quick enough if you leave them alone." She started for the kitchen, stopping to say, "Dinner will be ready in an hour, and I want you here on time. I can't have my biscuits ruined."

"We'll be back in plenty of time, Delia." The words came automatically as she followed Jeff outside.

"I'm going out to the barn, and I'm going to find out what's happening." His back was stern with purpose.

Matching her stride with his, Serena debated with herself. Her first day with David was no time to start interfering. She thought she had some intuition; yet it had failed her today.

"I wouldn't, Jeff, not for a little while. Let's just act as if we hadn't noticed. We can't push him too far—yet."

"All right." Jeff's reply was half sigh. "I'm going out to the orchards to see the soil condition. Want to get your boots and come along?"

"I think I'd better go in and shower and change in Delia's honor, if you don't mind." She gave his arm an affectionate pat, glad to have a few minutes alone.

Luis was on the front lawn waiting. "Meeses, meeses," he cried, removing the old, white sailor cap he was wearing. He came running forward with his hand outstretched, his black eyes shining with tears. With the sun on his silvering hair, he was, as on the first day she had seen him, clothed in radiance.

"It's good to see you, *compadre*," she called gaily in Spanish. The word started the tears coursing anew down his withered brown cheeks.

"*Gracias, gracias!*" He shook her hand again and again.

Muy contento with the brown serape, he traced the design with his brown fingers, "Is good."

EVEN after she told him she was home to prepare for Delia's dinner, he lingered intentionally.

"Did everything go all right while we were gone?" she helped him.

His black eyes flashed. Placing his gifts carefully on the floor, he faced her, his arms free for gesturing.

"Ay, that Mees Delia." His shoulders shrugged expressively, his mouth twisted in delicate mockery of Delia.

"What was your trouble with Delia?" She asked him in Spanish.

"Oh, Senora, I have no trouble." His denial was swift. "I keep myself separated from her at all possible times. It is with herself that she has trouble." His look asked if

Serena understood, and added, "That senorita lives with ingratitude. For all that Don Jeff has done, she has no remembrance. She remembers only that she grows old without the strength of Don Jeff or the sweet youth of David." Moving his hands in pantomime, he showed Jeff as the staff and David as the light.

"She thinks only that people will no longer salute her as the head of Don Jeff's household. To herself she says, 'Now I cannot have the expensive garments or prepare the splendid meals. I will have only my cousin who is older than I and who complains that her days of affliction have taken hold of her and that her soul is weary of life.' Is it not so?"

He threw out his hands in a gesture of dislike and started to fold his serape.

Serena could have hugged him in sheer love, but she only said, "It is very difficult for her."

"Difficult!" Luis jerked himself upright, standing militantly in the doorway. "Is she," he demanded of Serena, "the first person in the world to grow old? Is she the first person to be bereft of family? No, God has not deserted her. It is she who has deserted God." His shoulders dropped wearily, then in one of his quicksilver moods, he smiled sweetly as a child.

"Now it is Delia who has the sick soul. If she can be made to see she has many blessings to count," he raised one hand impressively above him, "for she still has strength, a splendid home, and the love of you and Don Jeff—if she can see these things, there is a cure for her." Stooping again, he picked up his gifts, settling them in his arms with a final gesture. "You must be of great endurance with her, Senora." Bowing, he trotted amiably away.

He was barely out of the house before Jeff came in, the cool breath of the orchards and the smell of damp earth clinging to him.

"We could have stayed longer," he said remorsefully. "It will be days before we can turn the soil." Hugging her tightly, he whispered, "Glad to be home?"

SERENA knew the question meant many things. "Wherever you are, Jeff," she answered, smoothing his windblown hair. But a part of her wished that she were still in Mexico, far away from Delia, and without problems to be solved.

"I thought you were going to change your dress." His eyes said that he had seen her brown tweed suit before.

"I was, but Luis came in to talk, and you know Luis."

Slipping away, she went into the bedroom to pick out a dark dress, suitable to wear to Delia's dinner. "I'll be with you in a minute," she called later from the shower.

When she came out, Jeff was standing at the west windows, viewing the green hills through the bare limbs of the walnut trees. "I don't mind making Delia wait," he teased her, "but my soul rebels at the thought of spoiling her biscuits."

As they passed through the dining room, she saw a large, gilt-covered box on the table. With a sudden impulse, she picked it up.

"Do you have to show everything tonight?" Jeff protested.

"This one is so pretty." Her voice was light. In the box was a beautiful white woolen scarf, big as a cloak. She had bought it in one of the shops in Juarez their last day in Mexico.

"That's pretty enough for an evening wrap," Jeff said. "I'll take you dancing when we go back."

"It doesn't look like the Legion hall on Saturday night."

"Legion hall," Jeff scoffed, "that's for Nob Hill."

Delia, wearing the silver combs and earrings, was slightly put out.

"You go right into the dining room," she commanded them. "Everything is spoiling by waiting. Don't make it any worse. And my land," she turned to David who was shining with cleanliness, "pull out a chair for Serena. I hope I've taught you how to treat guests."

Serena's eyes met Jeff's. *Don't say anything*, her eyes begged.

IT was a good dinner, rich with dressing, brown gravy, and whipped cream.

"How does it feel to be back to some good home cooking after all those hot Mexican dishes?" Delia asked as she served Jeff a second helping of cream cake.

"Heavenly, Delia, heavenly," Jeff smiled, settling back in his chair.

Serena rose from the table, asking to be excused for a moment. Then she was back with the golden box.

"Our thanks for the wonderful dinner and all the other things you have done for us and David." She put the box in front of Delia.

Jeff's mouth started to open in quick protest, but she did not look his way.

"It's something beautiful to look at and lovelier to wear," she told Delia, who was staring at the box.

"My land, you've brought me so many things! Go get my kitchen scissors, David." Her veined hands fumbled with the cord.

"We saved the best for the last," Serena assured her.

Delia cut the cord and lifted the scarf from its tissue wrappings. Her mouth fell open, her hands trembled, and telltale color darkened her thin cheeks. "Why, it's beautiful, too beautiful for me!" She kept her eyes downcast.

"It will give you something really elegant to wear to your parties." Serena draped the scarf around Delia's square shoulders.

"My, my," Delia muttered, watching herself in the buffet mirror. "Now I have to get at the dishes," she scolded them, folding the scarf with jerky fingers. She left the box on the table and went to the kitchen, where Luis was scraping the pans. "You don't need to help," Delia said testily.

"I'll help." Serena took a pan from his hands. "Isn't it your night to go to Church?"

Luis beamed. "Tonight I would like to work. We build a new chapel, and now we finish floors." He went happily out.

In the living room David and Jeff got out the chess set.

They were still deep in their game when Serena looked at her watch. "It's eight-thirty." She smiled at David. "And there're still the best gifts to look at before you go to bed."

David looked questioningly at Delia, who was knitting one of her endless sweaters. She started to count stitches, not lifting her eyes.

"That's right," Jeff said, stretching, "and time for two people who have to get back to a farmer's schedule to get to bed, too. Get your things," he turned to David. "Tomorrow we'll move everything over."

DAVID stood up, the red king in his fingers.

"Get along." There was authority in Jeff's tone.

David made no move, looking at Delia. "I'm going to stay here." His voice was a monotone. Abruptly he dropped the red king and went quickly out of the room and up the stairs.

Jeff rose, his face black. "What's this?" He turned to Delia. "What have you been doing with the boy?"

"I've been doing nothing but taking care of him." Her voice was as bland as her cream cake. "You know you've often let the boy make his own decisions."

"Well, he's not making this one." His voice was iron. He turned to follow his son.

Serena was also standing. She had not yet earned the right to interfere. The lace on her fragile white handkerchief tore under her fingers.

"Leave him alone for a few minutes, Jeff. If you'll let me, I'd like to speak to him first. It's because of me that he's acting so." Already she had lost count of the times today she had interposed her will on Jeff. David had not made this decision alone. She had to learn why.

"He needs a good spanking. He's been spoiled too long," Jeff announced, but he was wavering, his face puzzled and unhappy.

Poor Jeff. He hadn't counted on this either. Serena looked at Delia, too intent on her knitting. Smiling weakly at Jeff, she went upstairs.

The silence was dark under her feet as she groped her way to David's bed. The boy was still, the covers protecting him.

"May I talk with you a few minutes, David?" Her voice was easy.

"If you want." His answer was a mumble in the darkness.

I'm swimming in waters too deep and dark for me, and so much of my strength is already spent. Help me, she prayed, make me wise enough. I know so little about children. She fumbled for the bedside chair, found it, and drew it close to the low bed.

"Do you remember before your father and I left, David? You told me something?" She pushed the anxiety from her voice.

From underneath the bed covers came an assenting mumble.

"You said you were planning for days when we could live together, and you would call me *mother*." Her voice had a soothing quality.

The silence that followed was long, and Serena could hear the throbbing of her heart.

"Maybe I did," he said at last, pushing the covers back, "but I feel different now."

GLAD for the darkness, she asked, "Can you tell me what happened to make you feel different? Was it anything I did?"

David twisted his head on the pillow. "I don't want to tell." His voice was flat.

"I think you should tell me, David. Your father feels very bad about this and I feel worse. We have to understand what it is." It was hard not to reach out her hand to the troubled boy.

There was no answer.

"Was it something I did, David?" By an effort she retained the smoothness.

He was biting his lips.

"I don't know," he managed to say.

"Was it something that someone else said to you, maybe Delia?"

"I guess so . . . maybe."

"Did she say I didn't want you?"

His "yes" was a bare whisper.

"Why did she say that I didn't want you?"

David sat up in bed, his hands clutching the blanket. "She said," his voice was thick, "that you only wanted dad, and I would just be a nuisance to you."

"Did you believe her, David?"

"Well, I didn't, not right at first . . . then maybe I did."

Serena could feel his hot breath on her face. Still she kept her hands tight in her lap. "Did she say that she wanted to have you, that maybe she would act differently?"

"How did you know that?" he asked in a gasp of surprise.

"I just thought she did. What did she promise you?"

"She said that now dad was gone she would have lots of time for me, that she wouldn't be so tired and I could have my friends come to see me."

"DID she promise anything more?" Nothing must be hidden now.

"Oh, yes," his voice came clear and boyish, "she said that this year she would give me a big birthday party. She said I could invite all the boys I wanted, and she would cook me a big dinner with lamb roast and cake and ice cream, afterwards."

"A birthday party means a lot to you, doesn't it David?"

"Yes, it does. I've never had a real birthday party, not since the one my own mother gave me when I was four years old."

"Can you remember it?"

"Not too much. I just remember the children singing 'Happy Birthday' and I couldn't blow out all the candles at once."

"Has Delia let you invite friends?"

He was emphatic. "She never acted like she wanted me to. And they didn't like to come much because she was always following us around and never letting us do the things we wanted to do." His tears were beginning.

"And was that all Delia told you —was that the only reason she felt you should stay with her?" Serena let her cheek rest against his hair.

"No, it wasn't all." He straightened a little, still keeping within her arms. "She said that this was my own mother's house, and that my father had no right to take me away from it. She said I could only have one mother—it wouldn't be right to my real one to have you for a mother."

Oh, let me say the right thing, Serena prayed. I have to say the right thing.

(To be continued)

Notes From The Field

General Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 279, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Eliza Clark

SANTA MONICA STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SANTA MONICA WARD DISPLAY OF QUILTS AND CROCHET WORK

Maud Whitehead, work director of the Santa Monica Ward Relief Society, is shown with the one-hundredth quilt (center top) that has been completed under her direction in the last five years. Sister Whitehead is seventy-seven years old, and in her spare time she has also crocheted the beautiful covers shown in the display.

Eliza Clark is president of Santa Monica Ward Relief Society, and Odette Coulam is president of Santa Monica Stake Relief Society

Photograph submitted by Hilda M. P. Stutzman

SOUTHERN ARIZONA STAKE VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, June 5, 1952

Visiting teachers who have served for thirty-five years or more, front row, seated, left to right: Myrtle Martineau; Elsinor Nelson; Linda Jang; Hallie Wilson, who has served as a visiting teacher for fifty years.

Back row, standing, left to right: Laura P. Hardy; Francis East; Silva Scott; Gladys Huish, former stake Relief Society president.

Sister Maude Clawson, a veteran visiting teacher, was not present when this picture was taken.

Seventy-five per cent of the visiting teachers of Southern Arizona Stake were present at this convention.

Hilda M. P. Stutzman is president of Southern Arizona Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Rose Goates

WEST UTAH STAKE, SUNSET WARD VISITING TEACHERS COMPLETE FIVE-YEAR RECORD OF 100%

Seated, front row, right to left: Hazel Halladay, who has served eleven years as a visiting teacher; Alice Carter, seven years a visiting teacher; Lillie Campbell, Lide Carter, and Thelma Williamson, who have each served five years.

Rose Goates is president of West Utah Stake Relief Society, and Lucile Christopherson is president of Sunset Ward Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lila Croshaw

SEATTLE STAKE (WASHINGTON) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION AND FOR STAKE CONFERENCE
Photograph taken September 28, 1952

Lila Croshaw, stake chorister, is seated in the front row, seventh from the left; Mable Arnold, stake organist, is seated at Sister Croshaw's left.

This chorus includes members from the following wards: Bellingham, Bremerton, Everett, Olympia, Port Orchard, Renton, Shelton, Tacoma First Ward, and Seattle First, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Wards. Two numbers were furnished by these Singing Mothers for Relief Society Convention, August 12, 1952, and at the stake quarterly conference, September 28, 1952, the following numbers were presented: "If God Forgot"; "Praise Ye the Father"; "God Painted a Picture"; and "Peace I Leave With You."

Birdie S. Bean is president of Seattle Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mabel J. Hansen

IDAHO FALLS STAKE (IDAHO) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT RECEPTION, February 1952

Front row, seated, left to right: Lettie Jensen; Mary Butler; Mary Poulter; Gertrude Orme; Eliza Madsen; Ethel Olsen.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mathilda Johnson; Amanda Bowman; Martha Davenport; Amy Fielding; Lydia Clark; Martha Rushton; Amanda Cooper; Laura Nielson; Margaret Kellar; Ruth Haderlie; Ethel Criddle.

Each of these visiting teachers has served for thirty-three years or more, giving much devotion to her calling and bringing hope and cheer to many homes over a long period of time.

Mabel J. Hansen is president of Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Anna H. Toone

CANADIAN MISSION, BRANCH PRESIDENTS ATTEND RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, October 11, 1952

Front row, left to right: Ethel VanderVoort, Belleville Branch; Phyllis Johnson, Hamilton Branch; Mable Lee, Brantford Branch; Mabel Barnwell, Chatham Branch; Dorothy Sayers, Oshawa Branch.

Back row, left to right: Bernice Peacock, Galt Branch; Florrie Smith, Kitchner Branch; Anna H. Toone, Canadian Mission Relief Society President; Janet Boucher, Toronto Branch; Mildred Smith, London Branch; Myrrl Willis, Woodstock Branch.

Sister Toone reports that this conference was well attended and provided much enjoyment and inspiration for the Relief Society women. "One hundred twenty sisters assembled in Toronto. A wonderful time and a rich outpouring of the spirit of the Lord were enjoyed by all. Representatives from three districts were not present because of the great distance to travel. A luncheon was served between sessions. Our sisters are very devoted and faithful. They are mostly small groups, and are carrying out the program as planned by the general board. Five new societies have been organized this fall. The assignments at the conference were exceptionally well prepared and presented. We all enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*.

* * * *

Twelfth Night

Margaret Evelyn Singleton

I saw the Christmas lights go out,
The Christmas trees come down,
The twinkling lanes once more become
Our ordinary town.

And will the star-illumined heart
Soon also lose its light?
I saw the Christmas trees come down—
And wondered in the night.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 15—Nephi's Predictions, Promises, and Instructions

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi, Chapters 25-33)

For Tuesday, April 7, 1953

Objective: To study Nephi's predictions concerning the Jews, Nephites, Lamanites, and the Gentiles.

NEPHI delighted in teaching his people that except Christ should come, all men must perish. For this purpose he quoted extensively from Isaiah and expounded his message to the people. Nephi felt that many truths expressed by Isaiah were hard for his people to understand because the Nephites did not understand "the manner of prophesying among the Jews." Nephi knew that until one is acquainted with the intellectual, social, political, and religious milieu or environment of a people, one finds it difficult to understand its literature. That is why he undertook to explain Isaiah to his people. He told them that he came out from Jerusalem and his eyes had beheld the things of the Jews, that the Jews understood the things of the prophets and none others understood them unless they had been taught after the manner of the things of the Jews in which way Nephi said he had not taught his children.

His explanation appears in the form of a major prophecy delivered in plainness in which he forecasted what would happen to the Jews. He also foretold the fate of the Nephites and the Lamanites, and of the Gentiles, extending his prophecy from his own time until the last days.

Jews

He first recounted the destruction of Jerusalem, telling his people that according to prophecy, Jerusalem had been destroyed, that many Jews had been killed, and others carried away captive into Babylon (2 Nephi 25:10). Notwithstanding this captivity, however, he foretold their restoration to the land of their inheritance (2 Nephi 25:11). He said that six hundred years from the time Lehi left Jerusalem, the Messiah whose name should be Jesus Christ, the Son of God, would be born among the Jews, and because of their iniquity and because of their hardened hearts, they would reject him and crucify him.

On the third day, however, he would rise from the dead.

Nephi further predicted many things which should happen to the Jews after the crucifixion and the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Jerusalem would again be destroyed, and the Jews be scattered among all nations. Babylon would also be destroyed and the Jews be scattered by other nations. When these other nations should have scourged the Jews from generation to generation, the Jews should then begin to accept Christ and no longer look forward to the coming of a Messiah. Then, and not till then, the Lord would set his hand again the second time to restore them from their lost and fallen state. Wherefore, the Lord would proceed to do a marvelous work and a wonder among the children of men. He should then bring forth his words unto them for the purpose of convincing them of the true Messiah who was rejected by them. Nephi declared Jesus Christ is the only name given under heaven whereby mankind can be saved (2 Nephi 25:20).

In order to accomplish this mission of taking his word to the nations, Nephi said the Lord had promised him that the things which he wrote should be kept and preserved and handed down from generation to generation unto Nephi's seed, and fulfill the Lord's promise to Joseph that his seed should never perish as long as the earth should stand (2 Nephi 25:21). Nephi spoke eloquently of Christ:

> We talk of Christ, we rejoice in Christ, we preach of Christ, we prophesy of Christ, and we write according to our prophecies, that our children may know to what source they may look for a remission of their sins (2 Nephi 25:26).

Blessed are parents today in Zion of whom such words can be written.

Nephi also promises the Jews that when they shall accept the Christ and live his teachings, they shall become a delightsome people. (See 2 Nephi 30:7.)

Nephites and Lamanites

Turning from his prophecies concerning the Jews, Nephi predicted what should happen to his own descendants, the Nephites, and to the Lamanites. Nephi told them that after the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus Christ on the Eastern Hemisphere, he would appear to the Nephites in the land of promise, the Western Hemisphere. Signs of Christ's birth and crucifixion on the Eastern Hemisphere would be given to the Nephites and Lamanites on this continent. At that time great tribulations and sorrow would come to their wicked descendants because of their rejection of the truth and their other sins.

Nephi wrote:

> O the pain, and the anguish of my soul for the loss of the slain of my people! For I, Nephi, have seen it, and it well nigh consumeth me before the presence of the Lord; but I must cry unto my God: Thy ways are just (2 Nephi 26:7).

After this period of sorrow and tribulation, which should occur before the Savior visited the Nephites, peace should be restored among their people. Three or four generations would then pass away in righteousness, but at the expiration of this period of righteousness, and because of the moral degeneration

of their descendants, God would send a speedy destruction unto Nephi's people. "For the reward of their pride and their foolishness they shall reap destruction" (2 Nephi 26:10). The spirit of the Lord would cease to strive with them, and then speedy destruction would come, which Nephi said grieved his soul.

Concerning the Lamanites of our day, who would represent, in part, the remnants of Lehi's posterity, he prophesied that a book should come forth which would be of great worth to the children of men, and particularly to their seed, who are a remnant of the house of Israel.

Nephi writes:

> And then shall the remnant of our seed know concerning us, how that we came out from Jerusalem, and that they are descendants of the Jews. And the gospel of Jesus Christ shall be declared among them; wherefore, they shall be restored unto the knowledge of their fathers, and also to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, which was had among their fathers. And then shall they rejoice; for they shall know that it is a blessing unto them from the hand of God; and their scales of darkness shall begin to fall from their eyes; and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a white and delightsome people (2 Nephi 30:4-6).

The Gentiles

Having foretold many things which would happen to the Jews and to the Nephites and Lamanites, Nephi then predicted what would be the condition of the Gentiles following in the wake of Columbus, when many Gentiles would migrate to America and establish a great free government. It is these Gentiles of our nation that Nephi had in mind in the last part of his prophecy.

Nephi wrote:

> But behold, I prophesy unto you concerning the last days; concerning the days when the Lord God shall bring these things forth unto the children of men. After my seed and the seed of my brethren shall have dwindled in unbelief, and shall have been smitten by the Gentiles; yea, after the Lord God shall have camped against them round about, and shall have laid siege against them with a mount, and raised forts against them; and after they shall have been brought down low in the dust, even that they are not, yet the words of the righteous shall be written, and the prayers of the faithful shall be heard, and all those who have dwindled in unbelief shall not be forgotten. For those who shall be destroyed shall speak unto them out of the ground, and their speech shall be low out of the dust, and their voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit; for the Lord God will give unto him power, that he may whisper concerning them, even as it were out of the ground; and their speech shall whisper out of the dust (2 Nephi 26:14-16).

Among the Gentiles at that time there will be many churches whose ministers shall teach for gain their own wisdom and learning. Among these sects there shall be envyings, strife, and malice. These churches will have put down the power and miracles of God and will have built up secret combinations as in times of old.

Nephi related that the visitations of the Lord of Hosts should come upon the Gentiles and predicted that all the nations that fight against Zion should be as a dream of a night vision. Then Nephi said, ". . . the Lord God shall bring forth . . . the words of a book, and they shall be the words of them which have slumbered" (2 Nephi 27:6).

When the book is delivered unto the man (Joseph Smith), the eyes of none shall behold it save it be that three witnesses shall behold it by the power of God. Nephi then adds that "there is none other which shall view it, save it be a few according to the will of God, to bear testimony of his word unto the children of men" (2 Nephi 27:13).

It was in accordance with these statements that the three and eight witnesses were permitted to view the plates. (See lesson 2, *The Relief Society Magazine*, August 1951, page 555.)

Nephi declared that "the things which shall be written out of the book shall be of great worth unto the children of men, and especially unto our seed, which is a remnant of the house of Israel."

Nephi also prophesied that many of the Gentiles would say, "Eat, drink, and be merry . . . for tomorrow we die; and it shall be well with us." Others would say, God will justify us "in committing a little sin . . . lie a little, take the advantage of one because of his words . . . . there is no harm in this . . . ." After this manner they would teach "false vain, and foolish doctrines." As a result of the pride of the people, the false teachers, and the false doctrines, the churches would have become corrupted. They would rob the poor to build fine sanctuaries, and all but a few who were the humble followers of Christ would have gone astray. (See 2 Nephi 28:7-13).

"But behold, that great and abominable church, the whore of all the earth, must tumble to the earth, and great must be the fall thereof" (2 Nephi 28:18).

The devil would rage in the hearts of men and deceive the people in many ways. He would lull them away into carnal security and they would say, "Zion prospereth, all is well—and thus the devil cheateth their souls, and leadeth them away carefully down to hell" (2 Nephi 28:21). Others he would deceive with telling that there is no hell.

Then Nephi continued his warnings to those living in the last days:

> Therefore, wo be unto him that is at ease in Zion! Wo be unto him that crieth: All is well! Yea, wo be unto him that hearkeneth unto the precepts of men, and denieth the power of God, and the gift of the Holy Ghost! Yea, wo be unto him that saith: We have received, and we need no more! And in fine, wo unto all those who tremble, and are angry because of the truth of God! For behold, he that is built upon the rock receiveth it with gladness; and he that is built upon a sandy foundation trembleth lest he shall fall. Wo be unto him that shall say: We have received the word of God, and we need no more of the word of God, for we have enough! (2 Nephi 28:24-29).

Nephi continued his teachings with the prediction that in the day that the Nephite record would be brought forth, many Gentiles would say: "A Bible! A Bible! We have got a Bible, and there cannot be any more Bible." To these Gentiles, Nephi wrote that God speaks unto the Jews, the Nephites, the other tribes of Israel, and unto all nations of the earth, and all these groups shall write what is spoken to them. These various records shall be united. Nephi wrote:

And it shall come to pass that the Jews shall have the words of the Nephites, and the Nephites shall have the words of the Jews; and the Nephites and the Jews shall have the words of the lost tribes of Israel; and the lost tribes of Israel shall have the words of the Nephites and the Jews (2 Nephi 29:13).

Regarding the status of the Gentiles who repent, Nephi wrote that they thus would become then covenant people of the Lord, also, and would carry the words which had been written unto the remnant of Nephi's seed, who will know them, that they are descendants of the Jews.

After giving this extensive prophecy regarding the Jews, Nephites, and Lamanites, and the Gentiles of the last days, Nephi instructed his people concerning the doctrine of Christ, who, he had said, would come to the Jews six hundred years after Lehi left Jerusalem. His instructions remind us of our fourth article of faith:

We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: first, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Christ, Nephi says, was baptized to fulfill all righteousness. By subjecting himself to baptism, "he showeth unto the children of men that, according to the flesh he humbleth himself before the Father, and witnesseth unto the Father that he would be obedient unto him in keeping his commandments" (2 Nephi 31:7).

Christ taught the children of men the straightness of the path, and the narrowness of the gate, by which they should enter, he having set the example before them (2 Nephi 31:9).

It is not enough, Nephi taught, to embrace the gospel, to accept and perform the first principles and ordinances of the gospel, but we must be steadfast in Christ and endure to the end in following the example of the Son of the living God. We must also pray always and not faint.

Nephi said that he was not "mighty in writing, like unto speaking; for when a man speaketh by the power of the Holy Ghost the power of the Holy Ghost carrieth it unto the hearts of the children of men" (2 Nephi 33:1).

Knowing that he must close his record, Nephi bade farewell to his brethren of the house of Israel and to all the ends of the earth, saying that he had charity for the Nephites, the Jews, and the Gentiles, but that all must be reconciled to Christ. He also urged all mankind to hearken to the words of Christ, for they teach men to do good.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What did Nephi predict concerning his seed and the seed of his brethren?
2. What did Nephi say would happen to the Gentiles in the last days?
3. What warnings did Nephi give to the people living in the last days?
4. What did he promise repentant Gentiles?
5. Discuss the meaning of the phrase "their speech shall whisper out of the dust" (2 Nephi 26:16).

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 15—"For They Who Are Not for Me Are Against Me, Saith Our God" (2 Nephi 10:16).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, April 7, 1953

Objective: To stress the necessity of giving support to the work of the Lord.

THIS scripture quotation makes a very definite line of demarcation between those who are for the Lord and those who are against him. This may seem a rather arbitrary line to draw, but in the final analysis it resolves into just that situation. One's status is either for the Lord or against him. If we are for him, we are actively engaged in contributing to the building up of his kingdom, keeping his commandments, and supporting his work. If we are cold or indifferent, we are impeding the progress of his work and are, therefore, against him.

In the vision given to John the Revelator, the words of the Lord are recorded as follows:

> I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth (Rev. 3:15-16).

In preaching the gospel, missionaries usually find that those people who are indifferent to religion are the least likely to be converted. When there is active interest of any kind, either in favor of, or against the principles of the Church, there is some foundation to build upon, some starting point; but an indifferent attitude offers no point of contact whatever. If we are for anything, we support it; and we are loyal to its doctrine, willing to defend it, and accept it in its entirety.

Christ said in the sermon on the mount:

> No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon (Matt. 6:24).

Our allegiance is either to God or to worldly ambitions. In Matthew 6:21, we read: "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

In the Doctrine and Covenants the Lord gives us this counsel: "Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness" (See D. & C. 58:27). Thus we may show our allegiance to our God.

To be truly happy, we must say, as did Joshua of old, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Joshua 24:15).

Work Meeting—Home Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Kinds of Income

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, April 14, 1953

EVERYONE desires happiness. Everyone wants to achieve or accomplish certain things that to him have greatest value. We are happiest when we can see that we are moving progressively toward our goals in life. To do so in the least time, and with the least effort, it is important that we make efficient use of all our resources. Time and energy are two very important ones. Income is another.

Many think of the family income only in terms of the number of dollars in the pay check. This is but one part of the total family income. The total income consists of *money* income, *real* income, and *psychic* income.

In our democracy there are many sources of wealth, both tangible and intangible in nature, that are free for everyone to enjoy, if he will but make the effort. Often these are of greater value than the dollar income in contributing toward a good life. Families which have a comparatively small money income, but with many other avenues of wealth, may enjoy a higher standard of living than those with a high cash income, but little else.

Money Income

Money income, of course, is the purchasing power in dollars and cents that is received periodically for services rendered. The amount of goods this income will buy changes as the value of the dollar goes up and down. It is, therefore, a good plan to see that one is never wholly dependent upon cash, as a source of income, if a high standard of living is to be enjoyed at all times.

Real Income

Real income includes the services rendered by owned property or other possessions, such as the house, furniture, equipment, automobile, and other goods that are used by the family members in their daily living.

An important part of real income is the service rendered by the homemaker and other family members. It may either decrease or increase the net income of the family. Often a mother may contribute much more to the real income of her family by being a full-time homemaker than by working and paying another for services she could render. How efficiently this part of the family income is used, depends primarily upon the managerial ability of the homemaker.

Homemakers may contribute much to the real income of the family by learning how to buy food economically, and how to prepare and serve it so it is both appetizing and nutritious. Whenever food is

wasted (such as pouring vegetable stock down the sink or thick peeling of fruits and vegetables), part of the real income is lost.

The same use of knowledge is also applicable to another group of family expenditures. Whenever you use equipment incorrectly or without keeping it in good working order, it costs the family part of its real income. The life of a vacuum cleaner may be cut to as much as one-fourth by using it repeatedly without thoroughly emptying the bag, or by otherwise misusing it. A good broom may serve efficiently for two months or two years, depending upon the care given it. Keeping broom fibers off the floor when the broom is not in use, and sweeping with a light rhythmic motion will mean real income for all the family to enjoy.

Some other suggestions for increasing the value of your real income follow:

1. Prolong the life of your carpet by keeping surface litter picked up from soft-pile floor coverings, and clean them before they become too soiled.

2. Always hang clothes on hangers when they are not in use. Remove soil and stains from them as soon after they occur as possible.

3. Use a rubber or plastic scraper to remove cake batter or other food from the bowl in which it is mixed.

4. Never let frost on the coils of your refrigerator get more than one-fourth inch thick. You do not get full value for the electricity you are paying for, and the refrigerator motor must work over time. Place things on the shelves so the cold air can circulate around them. Use the refrigerator as a place to keep foods cool, not as a storage place for food items in general.

5. Run your washer only as long as is needed to remove the soil from clothes. To run it longer wears out both machine and clothes and wastes electricity.

6. Turn electric or gas stove units down as soon as food begins to boil. A rolling boil is no hotter than light boiling, and the cost in fuel to sustain a rolling boil is at least double.

Psychic Income

The third part of the total family income is the psychic income. It is the flow of satisfaction that comes from everyday experiences. It is largely the result of the use we make of our money and real income, that makes for mental and physical well-being. Such income is intangible, but is the most important income of all in terms of quality of living. No one can rob us of it, and the value of it does not vary with economic tides. The amount of psychic income we enjoy is limited only by our own actions and thinking. The interest we put into homemaking bears interest in each succeeding generation. Our daughters and their daughters are influenced by our vision of homemaking as a big, wonderful, challenging occupation, or as a mere job that is an obstacle to the enjoyment of life.

The other day a dear pioneer mother passed on. During her eighty-seven years of life she had amassed the great fortune of fourteen children, sixty-two grandchildren, ninety-nine great-grandchildren, and countless friends. She knew the joy of unselfish and continuous service to her family, community, and to her Church. Much of it was given under circumstances that required sacrifice and personal deprivation. She wasted nothing, neither did she want for the things she valued most. The size of her psychic income was incalculable.

Summary

With the dollar mark talking ever louder and steadily gaining in power to influence peoples' thinking and actions, many of us need to stop a moment and redirect our efforts in line with our big goals in life. We may find that we are richer than we thought, or that we could be richer than we now are by investing what we have more profitably and using it more wisely. It has been said that the problem for the great majority of American families is not maintaining family solvency—most families do amazingly well at this—but to somehow get more happiness and less worry out of money.

The important thing is the kind of life we are buying with our money and our savings. If we buy family happiness and long-term family security, our management of income is a good one. If we are not, we need to sit down together—everybody in the family—and work out a plan for spending more profitably.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What are you doing to add to the real income of your family?
2. What would you most willingly give up, your money income or psychic income?

References for Lessons 7 and 8:

Discussion of Family Money, Institute of Life Insurance, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Single copy free.

Women and Their Money, Public Affairs Committee Inc., 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, New York. Price 20c.

Plan Your Family Spending for Happiness, Institute of Life Insurance, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. No cost.

An additional reference for the February lesson, *Orderly and Convenient Storage Areas* (published in the November *Magazine*), is *Storage for Your Home*, Extension Bulletin No. 436, Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah. Single copies free to Utah residents, 5c a copy to others.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 31—Jane Austen (1775-1817)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, April 21, 1953

Objective: To attempt to understand Jane Austen's world of reality.

SINCE Jane Austen was born within the same five-year period as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Robert Southey (1770-1775), she should be classed with this first generation of romantic writers, particularly since her premature death at age forty-two occurred in 1817, before Byron, Shelley, and Keats had begun to produce their mature writings. Yet she can never be classified as one of this group, since her life was spent in isolation from romanticism, surrounded though she was by its vogues, and since much of what she wrote was created expressly to oppose what she considered its excesses. And if further points of difference are needed, it might be noted that she was a woman writer when such a combination was still not entirely

respectable; she flaunted the fact that she came of a family who were great novel-readers without being ashamed of the fact; and instead of writing poetry she indulged in novels. In addition, she was the youngest of seven children, the spinster daughter of a rural clergyman, living a life which to many of the romantics would at the very least be called dull.

Her Quiet Life

For those moderns who think they would like to write but who hesitate, they like to tell themselves, because "Nothing has ever happened to me"—for these self-deceivers, the unique achievement of Jane Austen should provide silencing proof of their folly. Since at this time, and long afterward, women were not considered worthy of an education, she was taught to read and write and cipher and no more. Thus she was denied the privilege of living vicariously, since the great works of classical literature were not presented to her. We do not know that she was ever courted. Since she never had husband or household or offspring of her own, all the dependent realities were denied her. Her life was spent with her parents and sisters in cooking and sewing and dusting and sweeping and gossiping and reading and corresponding. Her occasional trips to Bath and London, and her brother Edward's house in Kent, were her only escape from her confined existence.

Motives for Writing

During her entire life she had not one contact with other people skilled or interested in literature.

JANE AUSTEN
1775-1817

As a child she began writing to amuse herself and her family; at twenty-one she wrote her first novel, penned while she sat in the front room with the usual family gossip and events going on about her. As each chapter was completed she read it aloud for the amusement and approval of her family. So well did she know her characters that she often told extended incidents in their lives which were not included in the book. Her first novel, *Sense and Sensibility*, was not published until fourteen years after it was written. In 1803 she had been paid ten pounds for the manuscript of her *Northanger Abbey*, but it was never published in her lifetime, a fact which undoubtedly delayed her presenting her other novels to the public: *Pride and Prejudice* (1813), *Mans-*

field Park (1814), and *Emma* (1815). Her last novel, *Persuasion*, was not published until after her death and then, like all the others, it appeared anonymously. Her books sold very slowly during her lifetime and after her death. For example, the 1833 edition of her collected works was not sold out until 1882, almost fifty years later. Never could she have dreamed that the day would come when, for every copy of Sir Walter Scott that was sold, hundreds of copies of her novels would be bought and read by a reading public so loyal as to become almost a cult.

Style and Tone

For many critics Jane Austen is the first realistic novelist in the English tradition. Applying to her very limited world the principles of common sense, reason, and restraint which she highly esteemed in her "Dear Dr. Samuel Johnson," Miss Austen, to quote her own words, worked "with so fine a brush" on her "little bit (two inches wide) of ivory" to achieve the sharpness and precision of a skillfully wrought cameo. As a literary housekeeper, she plans her work most carefully to make each phase of her work fit neatly into the pattern of the whole. She is meticulous in her cleanliness, and so efficient that it has been aptly said of her that "she never drops a stitch." Her tone is one of balance and calm. Never does she scold nor rant; never hurries by that which is important, nor overemphasizes the petty. Her style has so delicate and sensitive a touch that it shines with "a celestial brightness." So clear and clean and easy is her style that, somewhat mistakenly, her *Pride and Prejudice* is currently being advertized with *Black Beauty* and *Treasure Island* and other books for children.

Because Miss Austen had no literary critics, friends, or reading public to impress, she could write in whatever manner she pleased about whatever subjects appealed to her. Because she did just this, her novels have a freshness and charm which cannot ever be mistaken as counterfeit. Also, because it amused her to portray the human comedy ironically, her pages are filled with a light but piercing humor. Sometimes this humor is subtle; sometimes she overwrites slightly, and her caricature of someone's weakness, or the moral quality, emphasized, becomes too apparent. For the most part, however, her controlled, humorous approach to her characters is entirely successful, and we feel both the force of their individualities and the weakness within their make-ups which makes them human, and therefore fit subjects for her sharp eye and pen. She was perfectly aware that comedy, pushed too far, soon can become tragedy in a most powerful form.

Subject Matter of Novels

Since her purpose was to create a miniature of her own real world, Jane Austen never discussed those areas which were not real and actual therein. Never does she write a scene without at least one woman present. Within her novels there is little concern with crime, politics, wars, religion, and passion. Love is central to her theme, but someone

has counted the number of kisses in all her novels: sixteen, and none of them described in terms made so familiar by Hollywood. About detailing the passion of love she constantly shows a reticence, yet she successfully moves the imagination of the reader to supply by implication what she has not mentioned; thus the emotion of love is present, but proper.

If she is to be a realist, and paint her world as it is, she cannot agree with one of her overly romantic characters, who says that "facts are such horrid things." She never violates her integrity by calling a spade anything but a spade, and neither does she forget her constant purpose of creating each of her characters to represent some moral trait, mortal and weak, either because of excess or shortage of sense, emotion, pride, or prejudice. This is done that the moral truths which underlie her world may be pointed out for a potential audience who accepts Miss Austen's views of society and morality without question. While she will not warp reality as she defined it to herself, Miss Austen continually finds within this mortal reality illustration for certain moral truths. Good *is* good; bad *is* bad, and "as ye sow, so shall ye reap." Miss Austen speaks in the words of Elizabeth Bennett, the heroine of *Pride and Prejudice*, when she says, "I hope I never ridicule what is wise or good."

Thus Miss Austen seemed blessed with the requisites for success, either in life or in art: she knew what effect she wanted to achieve, what materials she was to use, and the style or method of treatment which would achieve her goal. In addition, she possessed the requisite innocence of purpose in writing, and the persistence and the talent to write as she desired. All these ingredients were combined so successfully in her novels of manners that within her own special realm she reigns supreme to this day; no one has ever attempted to challenge her.

Among other reasons why the popularity of her novels continues to grow is the subject matter which is common to them: the eternally real problem of marrying off daughters, lovely but poor, to gentlemen so prosperous that they might choose whomever they pleased. How completely she understood the vital role which economic difference plays in society in general, and the mating process in particular! While she opposes the practice of young maidens boldly selling their happiness for economic security, in the words of one admirer, she does believe that:

> Decency is more important than happiness, and she knows that, though marriages may be made in heaven, they must be lived on earth.

Pride and Prejudice

All the qualities discussed thus far are eminently present in Miss Austen's best-loved novel, *Pride and Prejudice*.

The Bennets, a respectable country family, are excited when a wealthy young bachelor, Charles Bingley, moves to their community, bringing with him a friend, Fitzwilliam Darcy. Mrs. Bennett, shallow and petty, is hopeful of marriage for her daughters, Elizabeth, Jane, Lydia, and Catherine, at any

price; but Mr. Bennett, a restrained, sensible man, bears the cross of his wife's driving urge with resignation. At the Bingley ball Jane and Bingley are mutually attracted, but Elizabeth is repelled by the pride of Darcy, having been told he is a scoundrel by Wickham, a handsome army officer. To Darcy she seems prejudiced against him. A fortune-hunting minister, stupid and conceited, asks Elizabeth to marry him, but she refuses, even as she refuses Darcy when, as a complete surprise, they meet at a neighbor's home and he declares his love. After the refusal he writes her how difficult it was to ask for marriage with a girl beneath him in station, and describes some of the very real faults of her family.

Later Elizabeth visits his estate and from his servants receives a much better impression of Darcy. When the Bennett family learns that giddy Lydia has eloped with unprincipled Wickham, and that they are living together in London even though unmarried, Mr. Bennett and Darcy go to find them, but only Darcy is successful in finding them, and he pays Wickham to wed Lydia, who has no dowry to offer him. Excessively foolish, romantic Lydia then comes home to taunt her sisters that since she has been successful in getting a husband, she can perhaps help them. Soon after Elizabeth learns of Darcy's secret gallantry, he proposes again and Elizabeth accepts, to the temporary consternation of her family. Jane and Bingley have already announced their engagement, and the novel ends happily.

Use of Irony

Miss Austen's intent is to reveal the English character as she knew it. Central in her method is her use of indirection and irony, which might be defined as saying the exact reverse of what is intended. For example, after her marriage, Lydia purposely lets fall "by accident" the fact that Darcy was at the wedding. She is dying to tell; her sisters are dying to hear; yet Lydia's promise to Wickham, her husband, must not be violated.

> "I ought not to have said a word. What will Wickham say? It was to be such a secret!"
>
> "If it was to be a secret," said Jane, "say not another word on the subject. You may depend upon my seeking no further."
>
> "Oh! certainly," said Elizabeth, though burning with curiosity; "we will ask you no questions."
>
> "Thank you," said Lydia; "for, if you did, I should certainly tell you all, and then Wickham would be angry."
>
> On such encouragement to ask, Elizabeth was forced to put it out of her power, by running away (ch. 51, page 261).

Earlier, Elizabeth's pride is still smarting under Darcy's own display of pride, which he feels is absent within himself, since, in his words:

> "Where there is a real superiority of mind, pride will be always under good regulation."
>
> Elizabeth turned away to hide a smile.
>
> "Your examination of Mr. Darcy is over, I presume," said Miss Bingley "and pray, what is the result?"
>
> "I am perfectly convinced that by it Mr. Darcy has no defect. He owns it himself without disguise" (ch. 11, page 49).

Realistic Statement

Sometimes, by contrast, Miss Austen's method of revealing charac-

ter is extremely open and direct. After listening to his daughters Catherine and Lydia talk at great length about officers stationed nearby, their handsome uniforms, and the wealth of eligible bachelors, Mr. Bennett coolly observed to them:

"From all that I can collect by your manner of talking, you must be two of the silliest girls in the country. I have suspected some time, but I am now convinced" (ch. 7, page 24).

On a journey Elizabeth finds that:

Sir William Lucas, and his daughter Maria, a good-humoured girl, but as empty-headed as himself, had nothing to say that could be worth hearing, and were listened to with about as much delight as the rattle of the chaise (ch. 27, page 127).

Elizabeth wanted to talk to Darcy at a party, but "was overthrown by seeing him fall victim to her mother's rapacity for whist-players" (ch. 54, page 280).

When Jane announced to her father that Bingley has asked for her hand, Mr. Bennett congratulates them both:

"You are a good girl, and I have great pleasure in thinking you will be so happily settled . . . . Your tempers are by no means unlike. You are each of you so complying, that nothing will ever be resolved on; so easy, that every servant will cheat you; and so generous, that you will always exceed your income" (ch. 55, page 286).

At other times, Miss Austen shows great skill in condensing the essence of a situation or a person into a few, well-chosen words.

Fond of dancing! Nothing could be more delightful! To be fond of dancing was a certain step towards falling in love . . . (ch. 3, page 8).

Elizabeth tried to unite civility and truth in a few short sentences (ch. 38, page 177).

She wanted to talk, but there seemed an embargo on every subject (ch. 43, page 209).

Bingley was ready, Georgiana was eager, and Darcy determined, to be pleased (ch. 44, page 213).

Jealousy has not yet made her desperate, ch. 46, page 219).

Miss Bingley's congratulations to her brother on his approaching marriage were all that was affectionate and insincere (ch. 60, page 316).

Note to Class Leaders:

The pages of *Pride and Prejudice* overflow with such insight and skill and truth. Telling part of the story, then reading the scenes and characterizations that, in your opinion, best convey the delight of the novel to your class members, seems an effective method of bringing Jane Austen's world of reality into the present moment.

If a class leader finds that *Pride and Prejudice* has been presented to class members in recent years, she may use either *Emma* or *Persuasion* in substitution.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What relation did Jane Austen's life have to the novels she wrote? to her literary method? to her definition of reality?
2. What was her attitude toward romanticism? toward reason?
3. Why did Jane Austen write novels?
4. After considering her subject-matter and her style and theory of writing, why might, do you think, Disraeli read *Pride and Prejudice* seventeen times?

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part III—In the Way of Destiny

Lesson 20—The Kingdom of God

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, chapters 40 and 41)

For Tuesday, April 28, 1953

Objective: To explain how, at the climax of earth history, the wicked shall be swept off, and the Lord shall come in glory to reign over the righteous for a thousand years of peace.

The Earth Is the Lord's

EVERY person professing belief in Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of the world and the Only Begotten Son of God, by and through whom all things were created, must agree with the psalmist: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein" (Psalms 24:1). Since this is true, the time must come when the present order of things must change and a perfect universal and divine theocracy be established upon the earth, never again to be destroyed or overcome by rebellious men who seek their own selfish ends and the usurpation of political power. It cannot be disputed successfully that the rightful Ruler of this earth does not at this present time occupy his place of power and honor which belongs to him. If he ruled upon the earth today, and his law was supreme and enforced among all peoples, there could be no more war, no strife, no envying or wickedness among the people. There would be only happiness and peace, for every man would seek the welfare and eternal blessing of every other man among every race and people.

Perilous Times

It is very apparent that we are living in perilous times. Rulers in some of the nations are despotic and dictatorial; the freedom of many peoples has been taken from them even as it was in ancient days of monarchial despotism. The freedom and liberty, which by divine right belong to the people have, in many places, been destroyed, and the people have become pawns in the hands of wicked, unscrupulous dictators. Jealous nations are watching each other, fearful that some political, territorial, or trade advantage will be seized upon by some rival power to the disadvantage of themselves. With greedy eyes some nations are gazing upon the territory of weaker nations and seeking a pretext by which they may pounce upon them and seize the coveted territory. The day has come when fear has entered into the hearts of worldly rulers. The whole world is in commotion and a fearful looking forth to the time when war shall again be poured out without measure upon the inhabitants of the earth.

Even in this land, dedicated to liberty, and where the hand of the

Lord guided our fathers in righteous endeavor to establish freedom of conscience, equality and justice for all the oppressed, we find strife and commotion. Organizations are at work intent on the overthrow of constitutional government and the setting up of some such system as today prevails in some distant parts of the earth. The liberties of the people are threatened. The Constitution of the United States is in grave danger, as was predicted by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

It is the duty of all members of the Church to uphold and sustain this Government and to stand by the Constitution and preserve it from all unwarranted and destructive attacks. This is our duty until Christ shall come to take his place as the rightful Ruler of all the earth. The fact remains that while we have a government here, the fundamental laws of which were directed by and given to us through the inspiration of the Lord, nevertheless the Government is not the kingdom of God which eventually is to be set up and have dominion over all the earth. No one need take offense at this saying, for the men and women in our nation who are the most law-abiding and patriotic hold to this view, which has been proclaimed by divine commandment, and they, like the righteous in times of old, confidently look for the coming of a country, and "a city whose builder and maker is God" (Hebrews 11:10).

The Second Coming of Christ

The Savior taught his disciples that he would come to the earth again in the last days in power and great glory to set up his kingdom and bring to pass the end of the world. By "end of the world," is not meant the end of the earth, but the end of the reign of Satan, or of wickedness. Isaiah, by the spirit of prophecy, speaks of the second coming, and declares that at that day Christ will come in the clouds of heaven with dyed garments, glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength (Isaiah 63:1-4; compare D. & C. 133:63-74). The ancient apostles had a perfect understanding that Christ would come to reign on the earth for one thousand years. In the epistles they dwell upon this great event with warnings to the saints to watch in faithfulness and endure to the end.

Since the fall of Adam and his ejection from the garden of Eden, Satan has usurped authority and dominion upon the earth. This he could not have done if the children of Adam had not hearkened to him and followed him in his wickedness. In the wisdom of the Almighty, this domination by the forces of evil, with Lucifer at their head, has been permitted that men might be tried and proved according to the plan declared before the foundation of the earth was laid. The time is near, even at our doors, when this unrighteous dominion of the earth and its inhabitants, governments, kingdoms, and peoples by Satan shall come to an end. No one knows better than Lucifer that the days of his power are near their end. For this reason he is raging in the hearts of the people and stirring them up to anger and strife, as predicted by Nephi. For this reason the whole earth is filled with violence which will increase until

Christ comes as the Prince of Peace to set all things in order.

Shortly after the restoration of the Church the Lord said:

> For I am no respecter of persons, and will that all men shall know that the day speedily cometh; the hour is not yet, but is nigh at hand, when peace shall be taken from the earth, and the devil shall have power over his own dominion.
>
> And also the Lord shall have power over his saints, and shall reign in their midst, and shall come down in judgment upon Idumea, or the world (D. & C. 1:35-36).

The time has now come when peace has been taken from the earth, and the devil has, today, power over his own dominion. That dominion will soon cease to be. The other part of this prophecy is about to be fulfilled. The scourge of the Lord is now passing over the nations, as he promised it should in the day of wickedness, "and the report thereof" is vexing all people, but we have been told that "it shall not be stayed until the Lord come."

A Gathering of the Righteous

Daniel had opened to his vision the prophetic history of nations from his time to the end of the world. (Read Daniel 7:9-22.) With the explanation which has come to the Church by revelation this vision is made clear. We have been informed that the place where the Ancient of Days shall sit is Adam-ondi-Ahman, in Missouri. At this place Adam dwelt after he was driven from the garden of Eden. Here, three years before his death, he called his posterity together, those who were righteous, and blessed them, and "they rose up and blessed Adam, and called him Michael, the prince, the archangel" (D. & C. 107:54). In fulfillment of this scene in Daniel's vision, here, once again, Adam—the Ancient of Days—shall come to visit his people at a time when the judgment shall sit, and Christ shall come and receive dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, which shall not pass away, and "all people, nations, and languages, shall serve him" (Daniel 7:14).

This gathering of the children of Adam, where the thousands, and the tens of thousands are assembled in the judgment, will be one of the greatest events this troubled earth has ever seen. At this conference, or council, all who have held keys of dispensations will render a report of their stewardship. Adam will do likewise, and then he will surrender to Christ all authority. Then Adam will be confirmed in his calling as the prince over his posterity and will be officially installed and crowned eternally in this presiding calling. Then Christ will be received as King of Kings, and Lord of Lords (D. H. C. III, pp. 386-7).

We do not know how long a time this gathering will be in session, or how many sessions may be held at this grand council. It is sufficient to know that it is a gathering of the Priesthood of God from the beginning of this earth down to the present, in which reports will be made and all who have been given dispensations will declare their keys and ministry and make report of their stewardship according to the parable. Judgment will be rendered unto them, for this will be a gathering of the righteous, those

who have held and who hold keys of authority in the kingdom of God upon this earth. When all things are prepared and every key and power set in order with a full and perfect report of each man's stewardship, then Christ will receive these reports and be installed as rightful Ruler of this earth. At this grand council he will take his place by the united voice of the thousands who by right of Priesthood are there assembled. This will precede the great day of the destruction of the wicked and will be the preparation for the millennial reign.

The Earth to Be Cleansed of Wickedness

Following this grand council there shall come upon the earth great changes. In the restoration, spoken by the mouths of all the holy prophets since the world began, the earth is to be renewed and cleansed from all unrighteousness. In that day all enmity and evil are to cease and the nations are to be swallowed up as part of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, after they have been cleansed of their wicked inhabitants as proclaimed in the Holy Scriptures. (See D. & C. 101:23-31.)

The day and the hour of the Lord's coming no man knows, neither the angels in heaven, but he will come when the vast majority of mankind are the least prepared for it, and when they are denying his power, saying that he delayeth his coming. It will be a time similar in all respects to the days of Noah, when the great flood swept over the earth.

Malachi speaks of the day of the coming of the Lord and declares that it shall burn "as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch" (Malachi 4:1).

In this manner have all the prophets spoken. Wickedness must come to an end, for it would be inconsistent to have Satan loose seeking to regain his lost power and contending with men, as he has done for six thousand years.

During the earth's Sabbath, the seventh thousand years, which is set apart as the reign of peace and righteousness, Christ will rule undisturbed by any wicked element or influence from the adversary of truth and righteousness. Not only will the earth be cleansed from all wickedness during the reign of peace, but the Church, or kingdom of God now known as the Church, will be cleansed also. The Lord declared it in the following words: "The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity" (Matthew 13:41).

We know that the coming of the Lord is near, but we have been assured that he will not come until the cup of iniquity is full. Notwithstanding all the warnings, and the plainness of the message which has come to us, the inhabitants of the world will go on about their business, paying little heed, until that day shall be upon them.

For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth.

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Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man (Luke 21:35-36).

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Why is Christ truly termed the rightful Ruler of this earth?

2. Appoint one to describe the great events, foretold by Daniel and explained by the Prophet, which will occur in the valley of Adam-ondi-Ahman when Christ is officially installed as King of Kings.

3. Why must the earth be cleansed from all unrighteousness before the millenial reign can be ushered in?

4. Repeat the parable of the fig tree. Give evidence that the signs of the coming the Son of man in power and great glory are all about us.

5. Describe conditions on the earth during that blissful period when all mankind shall dwell in goodness and peace for a thousand years.

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(*Continued from page 45*)

her children, though. It went like electricity into energy and determination; and in the days before the children spied their father coming down the road, she had partly turned the world over, so to speak, and the children had helped her.

Down from the canyon came John. He was singing,

Splash came the horses through the big ditch, and there was John sitting on top of a big load of—no it was not firewood—but a big load of planed lumber!

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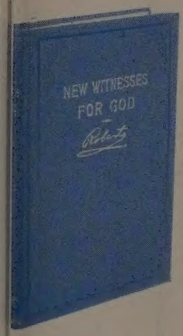

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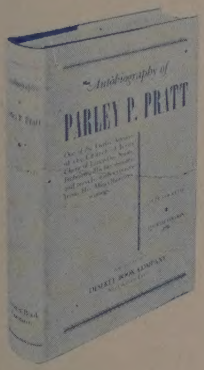

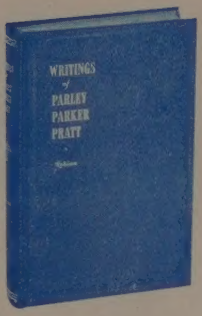

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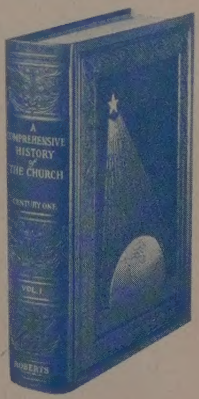

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